November 1917

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Twenty Cents

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EVEREADY DAYLO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The light that says "There it is!"

RUNNING in from an advanced post, at night, Longshaw R. Pointt, of the American Ambulance Field Service, with two wounded men in his car, traveled a road that was less than a kilometer distant and in full view of the enemy lines.

Suddenly the engine stopped dead. To light a match would have revealed his position, with the result that at any instant a shell might sweep across the road and wipe the car and its two wounded occupants off the map.

But he had his Daylo with him and, using his hand as a shade, was able to throw light all over the engine without illuminating the scenery. In half a minute he located the trouble; in three minutes more was on his way to the hospital—SAFE. For every emergency of the night—Daylo is equally dependable.

77 different styles at prices from 75 cents up. (In Canada 85 cents and up.) Sold by the better electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, stationery and jewelry stores everywhere.

—*when* all other lights fail.
—*when* the motor stalls and the trouble must be located instantly.
—*when* you're looking for something in that dark corner in the attic.
—*when* a fuse blows and all the lights go out.
—*when* you can't see to read a sign post or house number.
—*whenever* you need *instant*, portable light, indoors or out, you need an Eveready Daylo.

Don't let your soldier boy go to camp without an Eveready Daylo—"the light that may save his life."

* * *

AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS
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Don't ask for a "flashlight"—get an Eveready DAYLO

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The RED CROSS MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1917

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

BY

WILLIAM LAWRENCE

(Bishop of Massachusetts)

THESE are days of immense and rapid organization. We are all being caught up into the whirling of the wheels of the great machine of War. Each of us adds his little bit to the power and the speed. The machine, the organization, is not, however, the power. The love of liberty, the spirit of democracy, the love of country, the passion for righteousness, sympathy for the down-trodden, spiritual forces stir the wheels. Through the machine the spirit must go from the lives and hearts of all the people into camp and ship, trench and hospital, until it reaches and is felt by every soldier and sailor through the personal touch of those who have caught this spirit.

In the creation of a great army discipline, organization, implicit obedience, and even red tape are essential, and must be sustained. The army, however, has lost power and leadership unless through the organization there runs from the General to the private the spirit of human interest and the personal touch. When the leader's command reaches the heart as well as the ears of his men, he has ten thousand living, thinking men welded into one body.

To the wounded soldier lifted from the ambulance to the Base Hospital bed the immediate thought is of the personal touch of nurse, surgeon, and clean sheet. The great organization of the Red Cross with its one hundred millions of dollars, its tens of thousands of bandage makers, are in the background, out of his sight and mind. It is all right. None the less the great organization, the money, and the workers, make the ambulance, the hospital, the surgeon and the nurse effective. The Red Cross is the body through which the spirit of patriotism and sympathy flow, and its best and finest work is in carrying that spirit through to the soldier by personal touch. Amidst the whir of the machinery of offices, of work rooms and bandage making, let every worker keep this in mind, "Everything that I do, every fold that I make, is to be caught up for the moment by the great organization of the Red Cross in order that it may be the means whereby the personal touch of nurse or surgeon, the strengthening word of Chaplain or comrade, may heal and comfort the body and soul of the soldier or sailor who has poured out his life blood for me and my Country."

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250,000 BOYS AID THE NATION

Forbidden by the Scout Law to Take up a Gun, Our Young Americans are Finding Innumerable Ways in Which to Help the Cause of Democracy

BY

HERMANN HAGEDORN
(of the Vigilantes)

AT THE outbreak of the war with Germany, there were 250,000 boys between twelve and eighteen, enrolled under the standard of the Boy Scouts of America. There were besides, 350,000 boys and young men in the country who, during the past decade, have received the training of body and mind and character that all Boy Scouts, who are true to the scout oath, receive. Six hundred thousand boys and young men who had taken the oath: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law!" Six hundred thousand of them! Rather more than twice the number enrolled in the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, the Naval Militia and the National Guard put together at the beginning of the war.

THE SCOUT SMILES, EVEN BEFORE BREAKFAST!

Six hundred thousand boys, trained to obedience and to life in the open, all of them knowing something of woodcraft, signalling, and first aid, all of them imbued with the spirit of service to their country and their fellowmen, bound by oath to observe to the best of their ability the twelve commandments of the Scout Law, which are Moses and King Arthur rolled into one!

At the outbreak of war, the question naturally arose, How is this army of boys to be used best in the service of the country?

It was recalled that when war broke like a sudden tidal wave over Europe, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief of England's Boy Scouts, immediately rallied 5,000 of his adherents, marched with them to the War Department and offered their services as orderlies and messengers. There were consequently rumors that the Boy Scouts of America would be given guns and set to do military work of one kind or another. But those rumors were promptly quashed by the responsible officers of the Boy Scout organization. The Boy Scouts had never received training with guns, they pointed out, and would not now be armed. Military work was for men, not for boys. There was other work to do, quite as important at the moment. The training they had undergone made them efficient and dependable in sending messages by wire, wireless, or semaphore; in coöperating in the protection of property by accepting definite assignments for the purpose of giving alarm in case of danger; in distributing notices and gathering statistical information for the use of the civil or military authorities; in acting as messengers and orderlies; in rendering first aid to the sick and the injured, and otherwise coöperating with agencies organized for relief work and assuming some definite part in the American Red Cross Society.

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Evidently there was plenty of work for the Boy Scouts to do.

Within ten days after the declaration of a state of war with Germany, the Boy Scouts were given their first great assignment. Planting gardens had not been among the occupations for which the Boy Scout had seemed to his superiors peculiarly adapted; but from Hoover of Belgium came the call: *Bread and Boats!* and from Scout Headquarters rang the slogan: *Every scout to feed a soldier!* and within a week on thousands of farms and in thousands of backyards and countless school playgrounds, boys who had not looked with favor on spade and hoe in the past were digging and planting with zest. A chore had suddenly become thrilling. The hoe had become as romantic as a gun, for the boy who wielded it thought of the soldier he was feeding and knew that he was serving his country well.

"Beans! Beans! Beans!"

Mr. Hoover had cabled to the Chief Scout Executive, James E. West, that the foodstuff which the world needed above all was beans. "Let the Boy Scouts see to it that they are planted everywhere," his cablegram ran, "so that the biggest bean crop ever known shall be the bean contribution of the Boy Scouts to America and her Allies."

"Beans! Beans! Beans!" From Headquarters the slogan went forth to every scoutmaster in the country. With it went circulars and booklets—how to plant, when to plant. Seed was procured in quantity and sold to boys for half or one third the market price. At a great Boy Scout rally in the Hippodrome in New York City, thousands of boys were given inspiration, instructions, and *beans!* Every loyal Boy Scout was expected to plant those beans and to care for those beans until they brought forth other beans, tenfold and twentyfold, to feed the defenders of democracy.

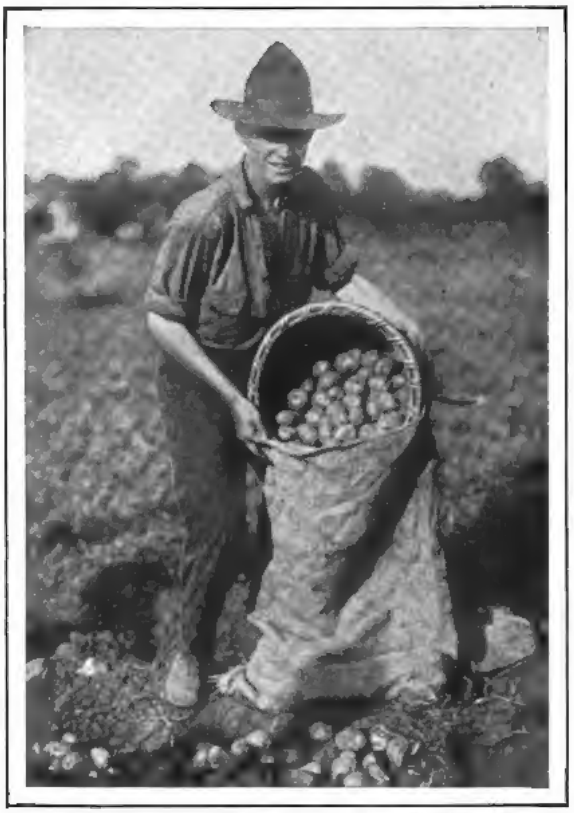

Photo by Brown Bros.

"EVERY SCOUT TO FEED A SOLDIER"

When Hoover issued this order, the Boy Scouts responded immediately. Though the chief call was for "Beans!" other products were not neglected

"EVERY SCOUT TO SAVE A SOLDIER"

But he was expected to do more. The National Council of the Boy Scouts voted to recognize garden activity by the award of special war service medals or emblems. The scout must have a garden of his own or do equivalent work in another's garden, but in addition he must induce nine others to do likewise. A Scout must be industrious, persistent, and strong of limb; and evidently it availeth much if he hath likewise the gift of gab.

No one will ever know how many beans grew out of the Hippodrome distribution, not even Mr. Hoover, but everyone who will may know to a penny the result that followed the trumpeting of the Boy Scout's next slogan: *Every Scout to save a soldier!* The Liberty Loan Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District had appealed to the Boy Scouts of America for assistance in floating the great loan. The President himself had seconded the appeal. The officials at the National Headquarters assented heartily and forthwith set in motion the gigantic machinery of the organization. A study of existing literature on the Liberty Bond was made by the Headquarters staff and copy prepared for a circular, telling what the Loan meant. This was submitted to representatives of the bankers' committee, enthusiastically approved, taken to Washington, submitted to the Treasury Department, again approved with enthusiasm and forward to the Public Printer with an order for *ten million copies!*

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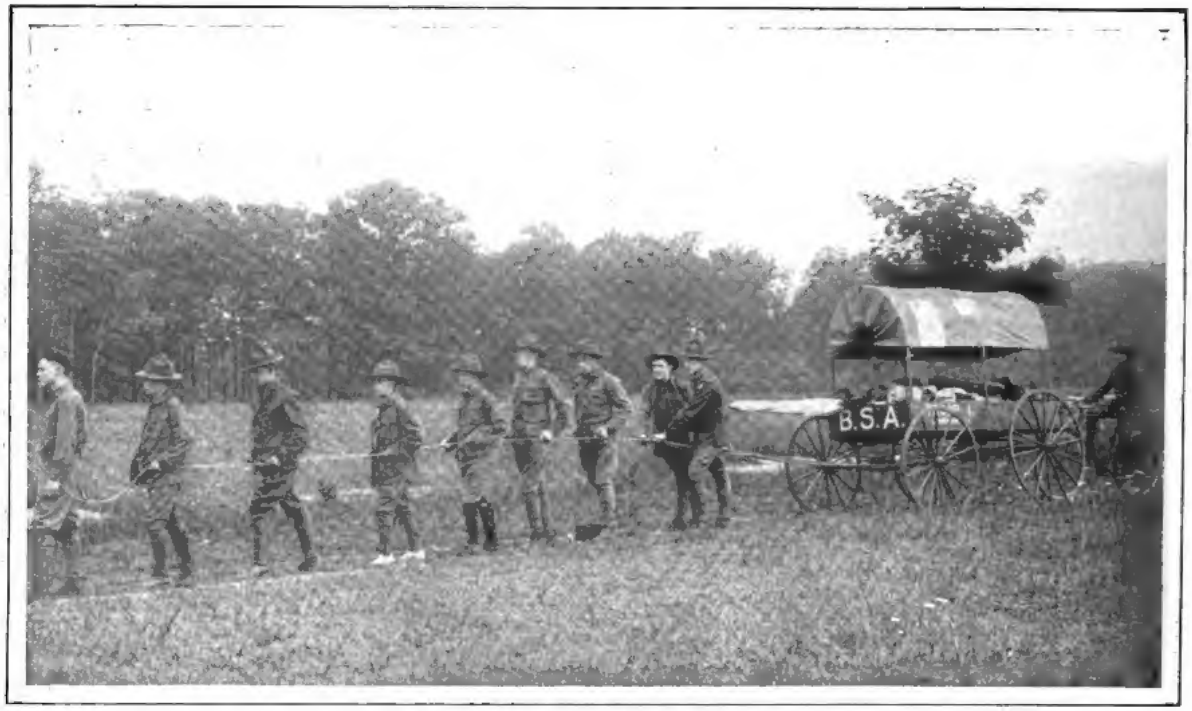

ON THE WAY TO CAMP

Showing how independent of outside help and vigorous in resourcefulness the Boy Scout is taught to be. The trek cart being hauled can be converted into an eating table or tent structure and has appliances for stretcher-bearing and other work

Meanwhile, the National Headquarters in New York had sent out a series of "Emergency Circulars" giving information to all Scout officials concerning the plans for the crusade and requesting reports on local conditions. On June 11th, the actual drive began. North and South, East and West, the scouts—250,000 of them—emerged with their printed appeals to their elders to capitalize their faith in Uncle Sam. In 2,000 cities and towns the boys swarmed forth, high-spirited and confident. For four days they labored in a house to house canvass. Here a single troop sold $50,000 worth of bonds, there a single Scout secured contributions amounting to $8,000. How many doorbells were rung and how many men and women were besought to "save a soldier" it would be futile to guess. But, when the campaign closed on June 14th, no less than 140,697 different persons had subscribed. The Boy Scouts, in four days, had collected applications for Liberty Loan bonds amounting to $18,661,000.

"THE READINESS IS ALL"

It was a great triumph, due to a large extent to efficent organization, but to a far greater extent to the spirit of scouting. Scouts are boys, but they are boys *plus*, and that *plus* is the Scout Law driven into the heart of every Boy Scout by the Scout Oath; driven until it sticks. Service to your country and your fellows, readiness, cleanliness of body and mind, alertness, self-respect! With that ideal on a boy's banner the character of the service demanded makes small difference. It may be digging gardens, it may be collecting Liberty Bond pledges, it may be killing flies, or cleaning up Widow Mayhew's back yard. As a great poet once said long ago: *The readiness is all!*

As a matter of fact, anti-fly campaigns have always been a regular and important part of the Boy Scout's programme. And they are being carried on this year as faithfully as ever, though the demands on the Boy Scout are more numerous and more exacting than they have ever been before. The Boy Scouts are still distributing literature on fire-prevention, especially in forests. They are still planting trees, protecting parks, painting fire hydrants, establishing town clocks, testing street lights, helping in public playgrounds, cleaning sidewalks, assisting in campaigns for good roads, coöperating with the S.P.C.A., serving on relief committees, aiding blind people, reporting unsanitary conditions, destroying tent cater-

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Photo by Brown Bros.

SEMAPHORING

The scout is taught not only to be athletic, but to employ his ability for useful ends. Here a group is overcoming the absence of a natural elevation

pillars, "adopting" friendless old people, gathering old clothes for the needy, fighting forest fires, and the like. They are doing all these things, besides their new war work, their gardens, their Liberty Loan campaign. But they are energetic youngsters. They find time also to collect money for the Red Cross.

And they do even more. They are veterans of three campaigns now, these Boy Scouts. And again at the call of Mr. Hoover—no longer Hoover of Belgium—but Hoover of the U.S.A. —they are setting forth on the most difficult endeavor of all. For Mr. Hoover has announced plans for enrolling the women of the country in the Food Administration, and has asked the Boy Scouts to assist in tabulating and checking up the twenty million families of the nation. The Administration wishes to know not only the name and address of every housewife, but the number of persons in the household, as well. It wishes to know whether the household employs a cook, whether it has a garden; it wishes to know how the breadwinner wins bread, if at all. The Government is getting inquisitive these days.

The part of the Boy Scouts is to go to those twenty million homes and secure answers to the questions Mr. Hoover must know if he is to serve the country efficiently and lead American women in their own particular war against waste. The Scouts will ask every housewife to pledge her coöperation. If she pledges it, she receives a tag bearing the insignia of the Food Administration. This tag she will hang in her window, as a reminder to herself and to her neighbors that her country is at war and every woman must do her part. If she has a son who is a Boy Scout she will probably have other reminders thrust in her way, for the official Boy Scouts' magazine, "Scouting" devotes about a quarter of every issue nowadays to suggestions for canning, dehydrating, and other matters of food conservation, the idea being that the true Boy Scout will make his mother's life miserable until she exhibits a patriotic desire to follow them.

EMERGENCY COAST GUARD SERVICE

If you are a Boy Scout, you cannot be asked to do a soldier's work. That is the decree of Headquarters. But you are not only permitted but urged to coöperate with the armed forces of the nation in at least one branch of service which is closely enough allied to the actual work of combatants to thrill the most exacting imagination. That is the Emergency Coast

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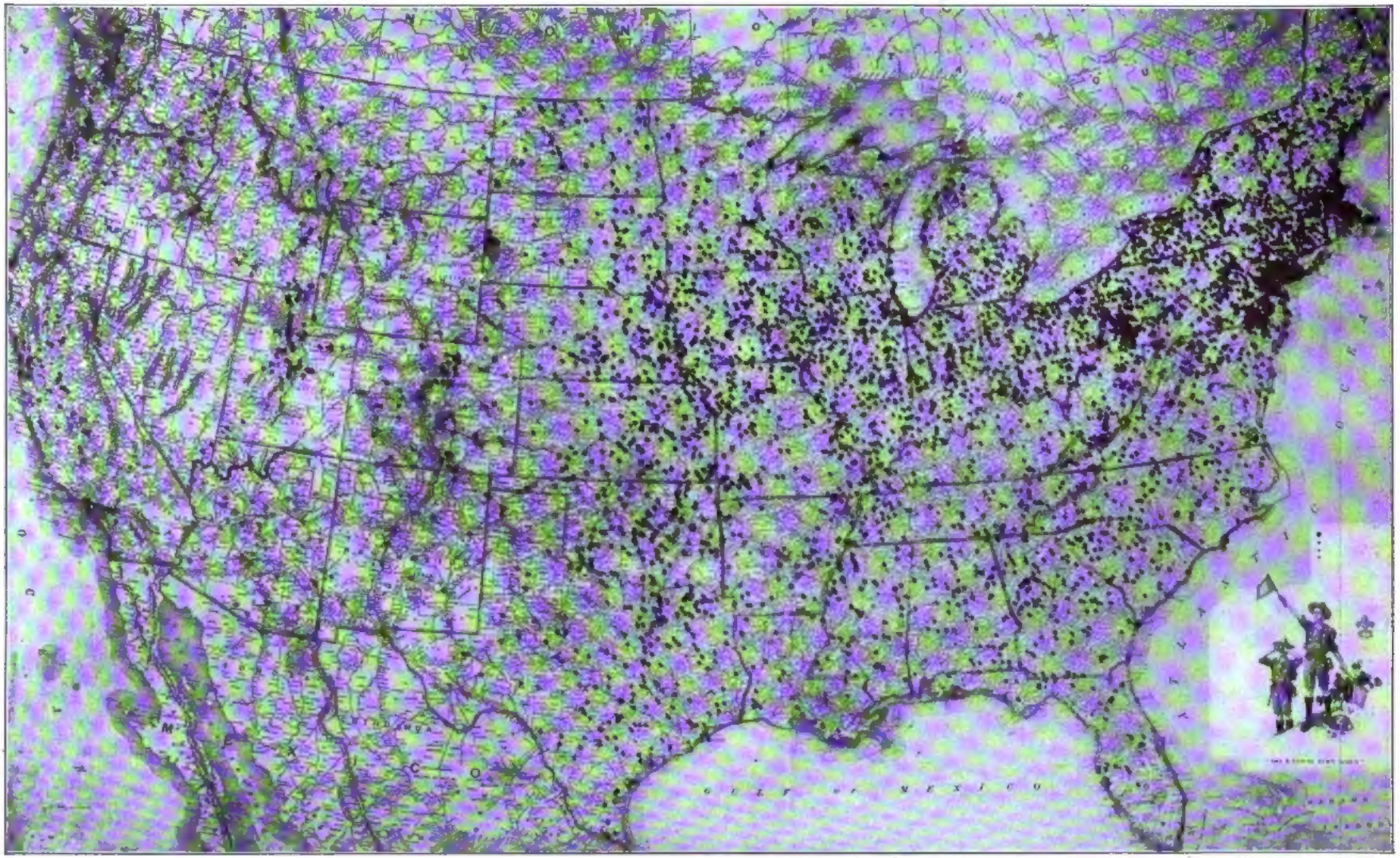

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THE BOY SCOUT ORGANIZATION

This map indicates by dots the location of approximately all the individual chapters comprising the body of 250,000 Boy Scouts in America

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THE SPIRIT OF THE BOY SCOUT CAST IN BRONZE

A statue by Major R. Tait McKenzie of Canada, who is now, in addition to other affairs, engaged in remaking war-broken Canadians

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ONE METHOD OF ORGANIZATION
A patrol going out on Liberty Loan advertising before making an individual canvass

Service, recently organized by the Boy Scouts of America to supplement the United States Coast Guard.

This Guard has all that it can do to keep watch adequately over the many thousands of miles of American coast line. The Emergency Coast Service has therefore been organized to "act when called upon as an auxiliary of the regular U. S. Coast Guard in maintaining a vigorous outlook; to relieve able-bodied men for more active service in other capacities; and, in general, to make itself useful to the country in this time of national emergency."

This service is to be under the direction of the Naval authorities, working in conjunction with the "Home Department" of the Emergency Coast Service, under specially assigned officials of the Boy Scouts whose function it is to arrange with local Scout officials, superintendents of schools, and parents or guardians, for the services of boys available for this coast guard work. It is a clearing-house for bringing together a government eager for the service of the nation's boys, and the boys, eager to serve.

The service the Boy Scouts are rendering in this Coast Guard is the service of the lookout. The American coast is divided into a number of Naval Districts, each having its District Headquarters. In each of these Districts the Boy Scouts have, or are planning to have, a District Superintendent who will work in coöperation with the Naval authorities on the one hand and scoutmasters on the other in enlisting boys of fifteen or over for this Coast Guard Auxiliary. The boys will be stationed at lighthouses and other so-called "visual stations"; under a petty officer of the navy in the lighthouses, and under a scoutmaster and a committee of local citizens at the intermediate "visual stations." The work of these coast guards will in the main be closely to observe the movements of all ships coming and going, to make maps of their respective stations and to secure certain information which, in an emergency, would be of the greatest value; such as the location and telephone number of adjacent lighthouses, coast guard and weather bureau stations, police and fire headquarters, public and private hospitals, with the number of beds available in each, a list of available motor-boats, the character of the various roads in the neighborhood, and so forth. The Scouts who volunteer for this service are supposed to know or promptly to familiarize themselves with the international Morse telegraph and wireless code, beside the "wig-wag" flag signals,

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EMERGENCY COAST GUARD SERVICE
A scoutmaster is here giving preparatory instruction to part of his troop on coast patrol duty

and the two arm or semaphore system, with which the regular training of the Boy Scouts even in times of peace makes every Scout familiar. Any day a hostile submarine may show its periscope and some Boy Scout somewhere along the coast be called upon to flash the news to Headquarters. Here truly is work to stir the blood of every human American boy!

SUCCESS OF THE TRUE SPIRIT

Gardens, Liberty Bonds, Red Cross, Food Conservation, Coast Guard Service! There is the answer to the query, What are the Boy Scouts doing for their country! It is not the whole answer. No one knows the whole answer. No one ever will. Parts of it lie hidden in the memories of boys scattered over the length and breadth of the land, boys who have remembered that the Scout Oath demands service to the country, and in ways small or great, in a thousand ways never registered, have rendered and are rendering this service.

Truly, though submarines and poison gas and Armenian massacres and Belgian deportations might lead us to think otherwise, the world is progressing. Ten years ago boys were boys. We were told that boys always would be boys, and the people who told us that meant that boys were bound to be harum-scarum, wild, lovable, and undependable, and never could be expected to be anything else. Boys are still boys but the boys who are Scouts are something besides. They are knights of a new Order of Service, practical, without cant, and altogether of the present, but in its essentials closely akin to that other Order of which Launcelot, Arthur, and Galahad were the most valiant "scouts." Like the men of the Round Table, these boys are bound by an oath to serve their fellowmen, their country, and their God. Surely, boys who take that oath are more than just boys. They are gallant apprentices in knighthood whom the country needs to-day and will need even more when the time comes for them to vote. Boys are boys, and boys will be boys. But it is good to know that there are 600,000 boys who are boys *plus*, inasmuch as they are, or have been, Boy Scouts.

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OVER THE ALPS TO VIENNA

When Hannibal Crossed the Alps to Wage War Against the Romans and Later When Napoleon Led his Hosts to Italy They Were Forced to Overcome the Same Difficult Obstacles That Italians Have Had to Contend With To-day in Their Campaign Against the Austrians

ACROSS THE ISONZO

The Italian Army crossed the Isonzo River on its drive against Trieste, a crossing effected with the greatest difficulties

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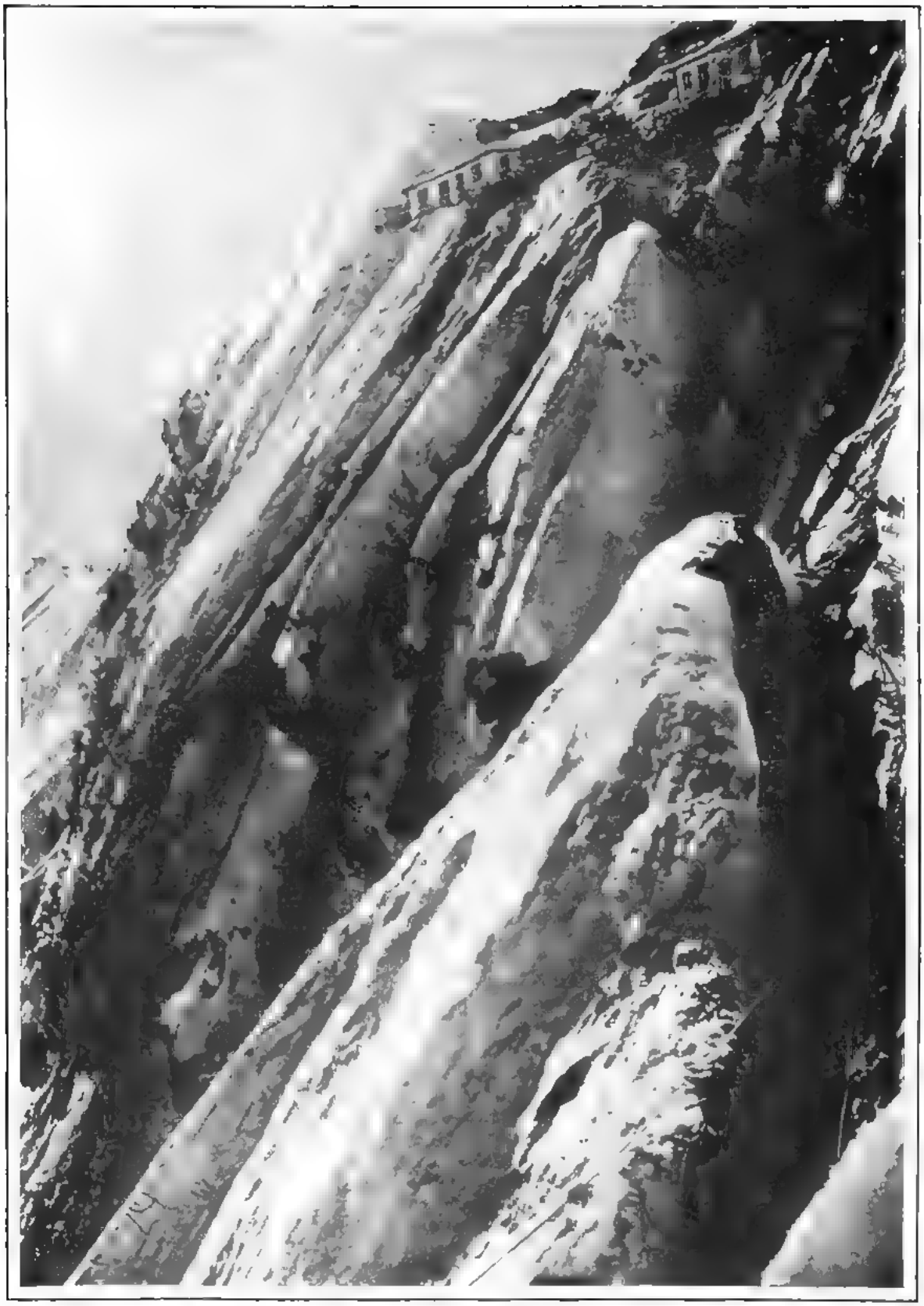

A MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD

In such positions as this were the Austrians entrenched in the Alps. In more than one instance the only way in which the Italians could dislodge them was by tunneling under the mountain and blowing it up

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A LONG RANGE BOMBARDMENT

Italian Artillery bombarding Austrian trenches on a distant mountain-side preparatory to a general attack

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THE WATCH AMONG THE CLOUDS

The transporting of cannon and ammunition, as well as food for the troops, stationed high up on these peaks, proved a problem for the engineers, but one that was successfully overcome

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A MASTER-MIND OF THE ALLIES

General Luigi Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army, acceded to be one of the most brilliant strategists of the War. He is climbing a tree better to observe the movements of the enemy

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"Waste Not, Want Not"

THE need for conservation of our food supplies if we are to win the war, depicted in six posters

By

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
FRANK STICK
ALICE BARBER STEPHENS
COLES PHILLIPS
NEYSA McMEIN
AND THE
WINNER OF A CHILDREN'S CONTEST

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From a painting by Howard Chandler Christy

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS

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From a painting by Frank Stick

A SOLDIER OF THE SOIL

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THE GOSPEL OF EFFORT

From a painting by Alice Barber Stephens

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From a painting by Coles Phillips

MONARCH OF ALL SHE SURVEYS

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ARMED FOR THE FRAY From a painting by Neysa McMein

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From a poster by Abbie Dollin

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

(This was the prize-winner in a contest conducted among the public schools of New York City)

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THE CROSS OF HUMANITY

From a painting by W. F. Barclay

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Young Soldiers

BY
IVAN ADAIR

ONLY yesterday were they
Chaffing at unwelcome rule,
Measuring study by their play
In the little world of school.

✠

ONLY yesterday intent
On the limits of their sphere,
Every waking effort bent
On the "Now" and on the "Here."

✠

LO! at midnight came the call,
Breaking in upon their sleep,
And their manhood, over all,
Rose to live and run and leap.

✠

THUS, before their day was born,
Many a war-kissed eager lad
Thought of childhood with a scorn
As a thing he never had.

From *The London Graphic*

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"EVERYBODY A SWIMMER AND EVERY SWIMMER A LIFE SAVER"

The Story of Commodore Longfellow's Red Cross Life Saving Corps at Chicago

ALTHOUGH it was but six o'clock in the morning the beach just beyond Chicago, bordering Lake Michigan, was already crowded with bathers eager to cool their parched bodies in the refreshing waters of the lake. The thermometer was unusually high and only the day before rioting had occurred when certain property owners had vainly endeavored to restrict the bathing in front of their homes.

Near a red-roofed umbrella an interested crowd of bathers paused to listen to a lecture being delivered to them by Commodore Wilbert E. Longfellow, the Field Agent of the American Red Cross, who was teaching his audience the rudiments of swimming; for ever since the *Eastland* disaster of a few years ago, when a great pleasure steamer turned turtle and sunk at her dock with an appalling loss of life, Chicagoans have been vitally interested in mastering the art of swimming. Every now and then, assisted by some boy or girl, selected at random from the surrounding group, he would jump into the water and illustrate his lecture by actual exhibition, continuing his talk during the process.

Such lectures as these Commodore Longfellow gave throughout the past season almost every day on Chicago's crowded beaches and he has been perfecting a system whereby women from all the swimming organizations of Chicago are being enrolled to teach at the six beach instruction tents which the First Aid Division established under Miss Justine Cook, in coöperation with the Juvenile Instruction Department. The plan was to make each woman's organization responsible for the teaching personnel at one station. Two of the girls from the World's Life Saving Alliance, who were trained by Mr. Longfellow, volunteered to teach a class of students from the Red Cross Teaching Centre in swimming, and arrangements were made at the Y. W. C. A. for this group's weekly meeting in their pool. A weekly meeting all winter of a club made up of the women who have volunteered to give water instruction for the Red Cross is planned and they will be ready early next season, to teach "at the sign of the red umbrella."

The umbrellas were a happy thought. They are of the type used on wagons and at carnivals. Rings were sewed at the end of the ribs, and a seven-foot side-wall, stenciled with the Red Cross insignia on white canvas, attached. The addition of this wall made the umbrella into a tent for First Aid. The understanding is that when the umbrella is up there is a teacher on the job. Later on, iron teaching stands, somewhat like high stools, will be used to sit upon in the lake where the water is about four feet deep. This will enable the teacher to work without being forced to stand in the water and still enable her to watch the arm strokes, leg kicks, and breathing of several pupils at once.

A Red Cross survey of the water facilities for teaching swimming and life saving in Chicago pointed out the weakness of the splendid swimming facilities which that city has. This weakness lay chiefly in the lack of intensive instruction in elementary swimming, and in the organized life saving effort among the expert swimmers. These shortcomings are being overcome as rapidly as possible. The survey also recommended that privately-controlled beaches be taken under municipal or other public supervision as rapidly as possible. Last year, more than 5,150,000 persons bathed at the public pools and beaches. Under the very adequate supervision, there were only about six drownings. Unsupervised bathing and boating caused more than 125; hence the recommendation: "Everybody a swimmer and every swimmer a life saver." This is the slogan of the Red Cross Life Saving Corps.

Commodore Longfellow's idea is this:

"When a roomful of grammar school children can march down to where the *Eastland* tipped over, dive into the water, two and two, and swim across to the other side of the river, and climb up a ladder and out again without worrying, Chicago will have learned one big lesson from that sad affair which cost more than 800 lives. Every school pool should be an incubator for swimmers, but that means effi-

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cient teachers. Swimming ability should count points for graduation in grammar school. I have succeeded in getting the New Orleans school department to give points for the high school diplomas for the passing of our life saving tests for boys and girls. In Detroit, high-school boys must learn to swim before graduation. It is coming to that in Buffalo and many other cities where the schools have swimming pools and teachers in charge."

Commodore Longfellow came to Chicago to assist in organizing the work, and he took his assistants in demonstrations directly from the crowd, almost any group of children providing some swimmers who are capable, with a few minutes' instruction, of carrying him in the water. "A five year old child who can swim properly can carry my two hundred and sixty pounds in deep water," he said, and proved it by selecting several little girls and boys who could swim the side or breast stroke only, having them tow him by the hair, or by covering his ears with both hands and swimming on their backs with both legs.

"The best way to instil confidence in a drowning person is to give him air consistently," said Commodore Longfellow. "Approach from the rear, if possible, and with a powerful leg stroke, you will be able to keep yourself and the drowning person afloat. If you give him plenty of air he will not struggle. But, if your stroke is so inefficient that he is afraid of your ability to keep him up, you can't blame him for struggling to get free from your clutches.

"Sometimes it is not practical to carry them by the hair, so by covering both ears with the hands the rescuer can tow the person at arm's length by swimming along with the scissors stroke, or breast stroke kick. It is well for the rescuer swimming underneath to keep his body continually parallel to the body of the person carried.

"Personally, I like the two-point carry, one of my own inventions, which is particularly adapted to carrying girls or women in the water. The subject is held by the swimmer who holds her arm by the biceps muscle with his thumb and fingers, the thumb uppermost. The swimmer is in a breast stroke position, and the subject is made to float upon the back. With his elbow, the swimmer then supports the hips of the subject, forcing her body to the surface of the water. To do this, it is necessary to retain the hold on the arm while lifting with the elbow. He pushes the subject in front of him instead of trying to tow her. This position supports the woman's waist, which invariably bends when she is frightened, causing her to sink. It gets her chest clear of water and gives her a chance to get a deep breath. It is most confidence-inspiring. This is the verdict of all who have been carried this way."

YOUR RED CROSS

Suggestions for Christmas Packets for Our Soldiers and Sailors.—The Salaries of Red Cross Officials

By Christmas the United States will have more than 1,000,000 men under arms, and every one will be eager to help in giving them Christmas cheer.

No matter how generous a supply of gifts some of the men may receive from families and friends, it is believed that all Red Cross members will want to unite in sending to each man a Christmas packet filled with good things and good will.

In order that the men may be equally remembered and yet that there may be a pleasing variety in the contents, the following suggestions are made for preparing and assembling the Christmas parcels:

1. Nothing should go in them which will not keep fresh from the time of packing until Christmas.

2. Dried fruits and other food products should be packed in small tin or wooden boxes, one quarter to one half pound size.

3. Hard candy, including chocolate, would probably be safe in tin foil or heavy cardboard, but no soft chocolates nor anything that could possibly be crushed should be used, as the other contents of the package might be spoiled thereby.

4. Several dainties packed in oblong tin boxes each holding a quarter of a pound, will provide a better variety for a packet than a larger quantity of a single confection.

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5. No liquids nor articles packed in glass should be placed in the package.

6. For wrapping the gifts use a khaki-colored handkerchief, twenty-seven inches square, and form the base of the packet by placing on the centre of the handkerchief a pad of writing-paper about seven by ten inches.

7. Select a variety of articles either from the suggested list (or according to individual wishes) to an amount not exceeding $1.50, and arrange them on the pad of paper so that the entire package shall be the width of the pad and approximately five or six inches high.

8. Wrap and tie with one inch red ribbon and place a Christmas card under the bow of ribbon. A card bearing the greetings of the Chapter would be desirable.

9. Wrap the parcel again in heavy, light-brown manilla paper, and tie securely with red, green, or gilt cord, and use Christmas labels.

Khaki-colored handkerchief, twenty-seven inches square, for container.
Writing-paper pad, about 7 by 10 inches.
Envelopes
Pencil
Postals
Books (in paper covers)
Scrapbook, homemade, containing a good short story, some jokes, etc.
Knife, such as boy scouts use.
Mirror, steel
Handkerchiefs, khaki-colored
Neckties
Mouth organ
Katch the Kaiser (puzzle)
Mechanical puzzles (an assorted lot of twelve small mechanical puzzles can be bought at the rate of twelve for 50c.)
Red Cross Checkerboard (this is a combination set of checkerboard, checkers, chessmen, and dominoes made of heavy cardboard especially for the Red Cross and can be purchased for five cents apiece)
Electric torch
Compass
Playing cards
Other games
Tobacco
Pipe and pipe cleaners
Cigarette papers
Water-tight match-box
Chewing gum
Sweet chocolate biscuits
Fruit crackers
Fruit cake
Preserved Ginger
Salted nuts
Prunes
Figs
Dates
Raisins
Hard candy
Chocolate in tin foil
Licorice

Chapters will receive directions as to the dates when packets should be shipped to France and when those for the home cantonments should be ready for distribution.

Money for these gifts is not to be taken from the Red Cross funds but should be contributed by individuals for this specific purpose.

THE SALARIES OF RED CROSS OFFICIALS

From time to time various people throughout the country write to the Editor, stating that they have heard that certain officers of the Red Cross are receiving salaries of $35,000 a year, and asking who these officials are.

How and where such statement originated it is impossible to say, but it would seem to have emanated from sources hostile to the Red Cross and to be of the same class as the vague rumors which claimed that troops in the trenches were forced to purchase sweaters, socks, etc., which the women of America have so patiently knitted and donated to them.

With regard to the question of salaries, a year ago, on a peace basis, with only about 200 chapters and a little more than 200,000 members, with annual funds of only a few hundred thousand dollars, the Red Cross employed at its headquarters in Washington seventy-five persons, of whom twenty-nine received salaries of from $2,000 to $7,500.

With the Red Cross now on a war footing, with 2,700 chapters to administer, 4,008,615 members and a war fund of $100,000,000 pledged, the National Headquarters employs 535 paid officers and employees, of whom forty-six receive $2,000 a year or more.

In other words, 470 paid officers and employees have been added to the Red Cross Headquarters' staff, and of that number seventeen receive salaries of from $2,000 to $6,000 a year. The highest salary added since war was declared is $6,000. The highest paid official in the National organization received $7,500, and he was on the staff on a peace basis.

Of those receiving less than $2,000 a year, forty-nine now receive salaries of more than a hundred dollars a month. There are thirty-eight clerks being paid one hundred dollars, while 491 clerks and messengers receive less.

In addition to paid officers and employees in National Headquarters, the number of full-time volunteers now contributing their services to the Red Cross is seventy-seven. Practically all the important administrative positions created since war was declared are filled by volunteers.

Such being the facts, it is the duty of each and every member of the Red Cross not only to deny absurd statements as to the salaries paid the Red Cross officials but to endeavor to trace the source from which such rumors emanate so that they may be stopped.

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THE Y. M. C. A. AT THE FRONT

The Work of the Young Men's Christian Association Among the Armies of the Warring Nations—Plans for the Welfare of the American Troops Abroad

BY

B. C. POND

The question was recently raised as to the relationship of the Red Cross to the Young Men's Christian Association. In reply, Mr. Henry P. Davison said: "It is most important that the public should understand that the Red Cross will undertake to do nothing in conflict with the wonderful work of the Y. M. C. A., which is especially fitted to cover the field under its present programme by reason of its superb organization and personnel."

A NECESSARY FRIEND

The British Y. M. C A brings the relatives of the dangerously wounded to their bedsides

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3 A. M. IN A LONDON STATION HUT

The experiences of the British Y M C A. are being studied here in order that we may provide our soldiers with equally efficient, if not better, aid in times of need

DURING the Spanish American War the Young Men's Christian Association was active in camp and field in providing comforts and conveniences and in supplementing the work of the Chaplains. After that war, work at regularly established Associations was carried on among both men of the Army and of the Navy and a number of handsome and permanent structures were erected for that purpose. Work was projected also into the territorial possessions of the United States and a well-equipped Club House for men of the Army is in constant use at Ft. William McKinley, in the Philippine Islands. This building is a very lively centre of activities whenever the men of the post have leisure. The daily attendance averages about 2,000.

When the National Guard was mobilized on the Mexican Border, in 1916, the Young Men's Christian Association, through its International Committee, proffered the President and the Secretary of War the services of the organization. One of the International Secretaries went immediately to Texas and arranged for the speedy erection of temporary buildings in the various camps of the Guard and Regulars which were established along the Border, from Brownsville on the Gulf of Mexico to San Diego on the Pacific Ocean. In July the number of these buildings opened was about one a day for the month, and during the Guard's stay on the Border, Association work was carried on in thirty-eight of these great temporary Association buildings and also in six tent buildings. Motor truck outfits were operated as well, which were practically itinerant Association centres. These trucks were equipped with an electric generator, motion picture machine, phonograph, records, folding organ, song books, reading matter, and stationery, and under the direction of experienced secretaries made the round of isolated outposts. One truck covered, in the "Big Bend" district, a circuit of almost 1,700 miles, and its secretaries visited about 4,000 soldiers at some twenty-five points or more.

The buildings of the Army Association on the Mexican border were strongly built to resist the high wind storms which were frequent. These buildings became the social centres of the groups in which they were placed, and were the coolest places in the daytime, the lightest spots at night, and the cheeriest meeting places in camp.

As can readily be imagined from the haste with which they were erected and the extremely small cost of the buildings (about $2,000),

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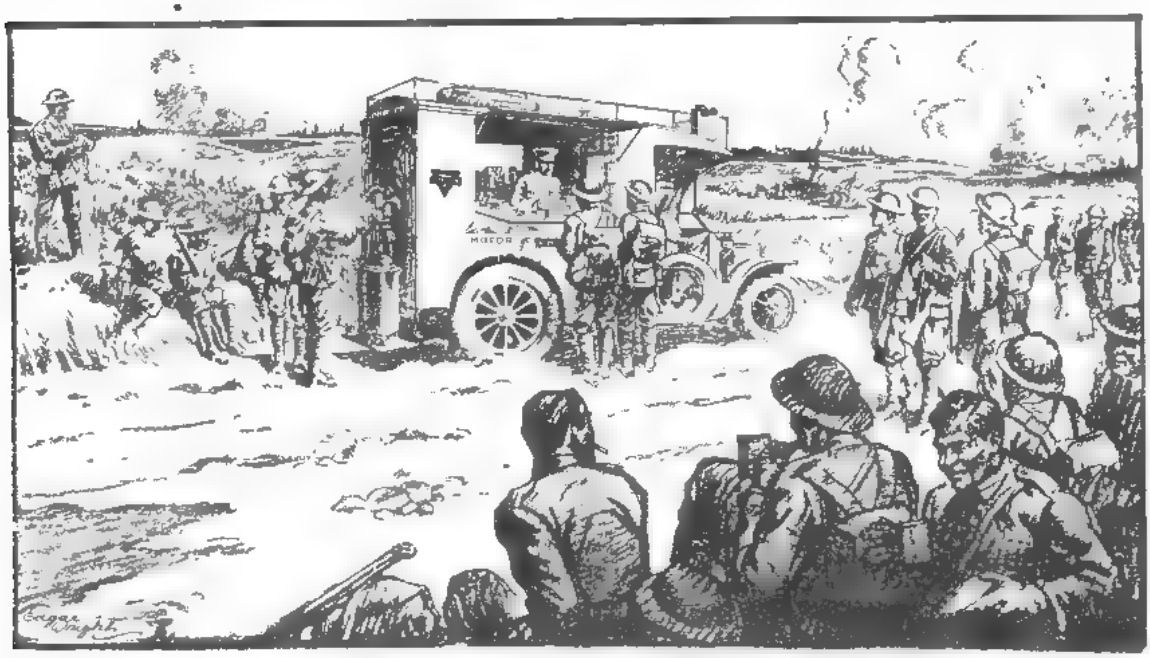
these centres were not attractive to the men because of their architectural beauty, or decoration. The thing that brought the men in khaki to the buildings by the hundreds daily was the companionship and friendly service of the trained secretaries who were placed in charge. These men shared the inconveniences and discomforts of life on the Border and worked cheerfully from early in the morning till late at night, finding their satisfaction in the sense of having a part in a very necessary and greatly appreciated service.

The stories told by some of these secretaries would make stirring reading if it were permissible to transcribe them, but much that is told is of too personal and sacred a character to be revealed. To them, because they were friendly and sympathetic, man after man opened up his heart, telling of his discouragements, of his temptations, and of his needs. The secretaries have had the rare good fortune of being able to help literally thousands. One well known minister of the middle West went to the Border on an evangelistic tour under the direction of the Association. When he came back he said, "This has been a great experience, but, after all, your Secretaries at the desk are the ones who have the great chances for helping men. Their personal, friendly touch is of measureless value." That this minister thoroughly believed what he said is evident from the fact that during his stay on the Border he spent much of his time while he was not speaking, in working with the secretaries at the desk where stamps were sold, stationery given for writing the letter home, reading matter provided, games issued, and where there were numberless opportunities for friendly conversation.

EQUIPMENT IN THE FIELD

The equipment of these Association centres included writing tables, fixed along three sides of the building, with benches attached; these were in constant use when the men had leisure. On the Border free stationery was provided for an average of 725,000 letters a month. There were also tables for small games. A bubbling fountain, the gift of the Red Cross, provided iced water. There was a piano or an organ on the platform and a phonograph which was seldom still, with an abundant supply of popular records.

A typical week's programme in one of these buildings included motion picture entertainments, a lecture or a concert, a meeting with a practical religious address, and perhaps a social, with a programme supplied and arranged for by the soldiers themselves. Much care was given to the discovery and enlistment of "tal-



Y. M C. A. MOTOR KITCHEN IN FRANCE

Not only behind the trenches, at the concentration points, and at home does the Y. M. C. A. aim to lend its assistance but also on the very roads where the soldiers march it finds opportunities

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A DUG-OUT IN FRANCE

The moment's rest, the cup of warm coffee, the comfortable feeling of a snug, safe haven is the spirit of hundreds of these resorts behind the western front

ent" of all sorts, which was abundant in camp. Educational classes were popular and had a large enrollment. Teachers were often found among the officers or men in the Camp. In certain instances educators and professional men from nearby communities gladly helped

In coöperation with the Chaplains a vigorous and practical programme of religious work was carried out. The Association building was placed at the disposal of Protestant, Catholic, and Jew. A characteristic Sunday programme at one of the buildings might include celebration of Mass in the morning, followed later by the Protestant service In the afternoon Sunday School might be held. At one building a Sunday School was organized, which frequently had an attendance of more than 500. The interest of officers and men in this School may be judged from the fact that a particular Company had every one of its members in a Bible class, and often every member would be present, except those whose military duties prevented.

Programmes of recreative and competitive athletics were arranged and first-class athletic meets were run off by the Association secretaries in coöperation with the military athletic officers. Some of the best college athletes of the country were enrolled in the Guard and these meets were marked by very creditable performances.

The cost of the work with the National Guard on the Border was nearly one-third of a million dollars between June, 1916, and April, 1917. This amount included also expenditures for work with the Guard in state camps.

The Association's experience during these months on the Border and during the preceding

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years has been of great value in the tremendous task which it has now undertaken, to serve the million or more men with the colors. When war with Germany seemed imminent Dr. John R. Mott, representing the Association movement, offered the services of the Organization to President Wilson. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy were also assured of the Association's desire to serve. The value of this work was officially recognized by an Executive Order signed by the President on April 27th. In it Army and Navy officers are enjoined to render the fullest practicable assistance and coöperation in the maintenance and extension of the Association both at permanent posts and stations, and in camp and field.

The National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. was organized in April, 1917, including in its number nearly 200 prominent Association leaders and public-spirited citizens throughout the country. Mr. William Sloane of New York is Chairman, Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, Treasurer, and Dr. John R. Mott, General Secretary. Plans were made immediately for the raising of a fund of $3,000,000 and when it became evident that work overseas must be undertaken speedily this amount was increased to $4,500,000,

Forty secretaries were at work in France by mid-July and forty men reached Paris by mid-August. Plans have been laid to send abroad about seventy-five new secretaries a month hereafter, most of these to work among American troops in France. Substantial provision is made for each port where our troops land and of course there will be buildings or tents provided wherever they are to be found in any numbers.

Buildings somewhat larger and somewhat more thoroughly constructed than those used on the Border are in use at all the cantonments because of the relatively greater permanence of the camps. The new type of building is about 40 x 112 ft., with an attached parallel wing about 30 x 60 ft. This latter room is used as a social hall, and the larger wing includes an assembly room for motion picture shows and other entertainments and gatherings. The cost of the new type of building under the higher prices prevailing is usually from $5,000 to $6,000. It is conducted by a staff of five secretaries and assistants, part of whom are experienced Association executives. The remainder are men from the Committee forces of Associations or from business and professional life. A number of ministers have been granted leaves of absence by their congregations to share in this work. The buildings were erected and opened as soon as camps were in use and the work is being done among the men of the Navy as well as among the men of the Army.

When it is remembered that the basis upon which this work is operated is that of about one secretary to each 1,000 troops and one building or centre for each 5,000 troops it can be seen that the Association is called upon to do a large piece of work.

The task of the Association with the men who are called to the colors is to preëmpt their leisure; and its trained secretaries are ingenious in promoting in a friendly manner plans which make it as easy as possible for the men with the colors to do right and as hard as possible to do wrong. In its constructive programme for safeguarding the morale of the Army and Navy it is performing a National service of real value and in this great and stupendous task it has the hearty and generous coöperation of the American public.

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"SO SHINES A GOOD DEED"

BY

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

(Of the Vigilantes)

IN THE hills of northeastern Pennsylvania, the quaint old village of Milford has brought to harbor a number of French and Belgian refugee families composed of mothers and children whose men, living or dead, are at their posts in the great fight. These mothers are now poor, and a day nursery has been established to care for their little ones while the mothers are obliged to work.

Last May a woman of good deeds, who had taken one of the day nursery children to her own home for the summer, was lunching with friends and happened to speak of her little charge. The host of the party, a bachelor, large both of heart and of purse, volunteered to get clothes for the baby.

"Not at all," was the spirited reply. "Get a baby of your own to dress!"

And he did—eight of them!

If you want to rest tired eyes with the sweet shining of a good act—but you must have a sufficient reason for your visit; mere curiosity is emphatically not welcome—walk along one of the quiet Milford streets under the old elms till you come to a simple roomy house with an apple-orchard, where a seesaw and many swings show that there are children and someone who understands them and likes to make them happy. There you will find the children: Lily, the youngest, four years old and very important because she has just learned to dress herself; Carmen, a tiny gypsy; Emilie, a baby nymph, all grace; Blaisine, "a handful, but a darling," as a beloved friend of the children vividly describes her; Marcelle, the six-year-old Belgian who saw the beginning of the war and whose round little face has not yet wholly lost the shadow of those terrible days; the one boy, a true Gascon by his portentously rolled "r's" and by his name, so overpowering that he is usually called Buster; and two sisters, blonde Marie, the age of the others, and Susanne twelve years old, quite the little mother, her piquant nose and thick dark lashes adorably tip-tilted. This summer Mr. J. Dunbar Wright has stood between these last two little sisters and a public institution. Whatever may come to Susanne and Marie after this, though it be the Home with the big "H" so dreaded by Mrs. Wiggin's immortal Timothy, they have three golden months—not of luxury, for that would be no kindness, but of simple wholesome living, of normal care-free companionship with other children, and, most important of all, of ideals that may in time be wrought out in practise when they shall be women with homes of their own.

With all the freedom, there is no lack of responsibility, for each one feels the need of helping Blaisine's mother, who has charge of the household. (Blaisine's father is in the trenches, and you may imagine what a vigilant eye is kept on the post office!) The first object one sees on entering the house is the hat-rack garnished with eight little hats, each neatly on its peg where its owner hung it. In the bedrooms there is a minimum of furniture and a maximum of space and air. In the bureaus, each child has its own drawer—so like a doll's trunk with its wee garments!—and in the bathroom, a monument of neatness, the rows of pegs hold their tooth brushes and washcloths in scrupulous order. The children get up at seven and dress for the morning's play in overalls or Indian suits; to the expert parent, or

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even to the professional aunt, it is unnecessary to explain that this is a laundry-saving measure. Having come from an adult setting of Community Gardens, I automatically asked the nowadays inevitable question, "Do the children work in the garden?" and received the refreshing and unexpected reply, "Oh no! you see we need the vegetables!" with the postscript, "The corn doesn't promise to amount to much. We might turn them loose on that."

Yes—they are so little, so absolutely at life's playtime! It was with a lump in my throat that I heard the rest of their day's routine.

After noon luncheon come naps and baths and then more play, along kindergarten lines. It was during one of these afternoon hours in the orchard that I made their acquaintance, and that of the garden that is more necessary than educational, and of a fluffy brown Pom, whose importance in the family is in the inverse ratio of his size. They sat on the grass in their little frocks and rompers of tan and pink and green and blue, clear gay colors of childhood.

"Chantez donc pour madame," said their presiding genius, and they sang in French or in English as the spirit moved—"Le Bosquet de Roses," "Le Beau Temps Nous Invite," "My Home in Tennessee," "Good-bye, Good-luck, God Bless You." As one song ended, one little chirping voice would begin another, quite spontaneously, like the music of a nest of birds. It struck a deeper note, though, when the little voices piped up "Allons enfants de la Patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé." I had heard Madison Square Garden packed with the pleasures of the Allies' Ball surge to its feet shouting that song as Yvette Guilbert robed in the tri-color swept in at the head of the French pageant, but those enthusiastic thousands plucked at the heart no more strongly than did this shrill young carolling under the apple-trees in the quiet summer afternoon. Then Madame suggested, "Et maintenant, la Marseillaise Américaine——" and we all rose solemnly as they sang the "Star Spangled Banner."

It was no time for grown-up tears. These innocents were happy, although behind the peaceful beauty that surrounded them there lay another and a terrible background. But I did not find it easy to listen with a calm face while they sang——

> "O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
> Between their loved homes and the war's desolation——"

they whose fathers . . . those who still lived . . . were standing between war's desolation and the loved homes of others. Themselves they could not save.

> "Blest with vict'ry and peace may the Heaven-rescued land
> Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
> Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
> And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust——'."

They sang it again on the way to Port Jervis; they were going there on some household errand and gave me a convoy to the station. Marcelle, the Belgian baby, rode in my lap, and her little warm body swayed in my arms to the rhythm of those words. I can feel it still. Faith in the better self of America, in the kindness of our people, is being garnered in the hearts of these children against the lean years as actually, if not as concretely, as the pleasant fruits of the summer are preserved on the shelves of their kitchen cupboard in toothsome rows of jams and jellies. Their fathers are giving their lives for us. How many of us will follow Mr. Wright's example and give a little of our safe, comfortable life to start their children fairly under the Star-Spangled Banner?

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THE FLOWERS OF MARIE-JOSÉ

BY

LOUISE MARNY

[*The place where the Queen of Belgium is caring for six hundred orphan children is named after her little daughter: "The Garden of Marie-José."*]

Sweet as the tears of the Virgin,
Are the Flowers of Marie-José,
And sacred as those of the mourners
Who watched at the Dawn of Day.

For they are Belgian Children,
Nameless—who call in vain
To their martyred and nameless parents,
Whom the Emperor has slain.

Daily their upturned faces
Strain toward their tortured land,
Praying that God may hear them
And take their outstretched hand.

Some day will be Easter morning,
Flowers of Marie-José!
Some day the Powers of Darkness,
Will be chained and cast away!

And we, whom the upturned faces
Of the Flowers of Marie-José,
Haunt from their wistful places,
Have thrown ourselves in the fray.

We've started to forge that chain now,
Flowers of Marie-José!
That will hasten the Easter morning
And cast the great Fiend away.

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A RECORD OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

The Work of the Red Cross in Europe, as Well as at Home, Is Progressing Rapidly

The War Council of the American Red Cross, since its appointment on May 10th, appropriated up to and including August 31st, the sum of $12,339,681.87 for work in Europe, of which $10,692,601 is for use in France.

The membership of the American Red Cross up to the first of September was 3,621,000, of which 1,000,000 names were added during August. The number of chapters was 2,400. The latest report gives the membership as 4,008,615, and the number of chapters 2,600.

Five separate commissions have been dispatched to Europe. These are: one to France, which at first included work in Belgium; one to Russia, located at Petrograd; one to Italy, with headquarters at Rome; one to Rumania and one to Serbia. A Belgian Commission is now located at Havre.

The French Commission is in charge of Major Grayson M-P. Murphy, Senior Vice-President of the Guaranty Trust Company, New York. The other commissions are headed as follows: Russia, by Dr. Frank Billings, of Chicago, and Mr. William B. Thompson, of New York; Rumania, by Mr. Henry Watkins Anderson, of Richmond, Va.; Italy, by Mr. George F. Baker, Jr., Vice-President of the First National Bank of New York City; Serbia, by Mr. C. A. Severance, of St. Paul, Minn.

The French Commission included in its personnel one authority on industrial organization; one experienced overseer of hospitals; one expert in town planning; one established engineer; one veteran Army medical man with experience in the Philippines; one director of Civilian Relief; one investigator of the tuberculosis and medical needs of France; two former directors of the War Relief Clearing House; one expert in public relief work and care of destitute and delinquent children; one publicity man; and an accountant.

The work in France divides itself between Military Relief and Civilian Relief. The former is primarily to be centred about the American Army. One hundred thousand one-half pound tins of ether are to be shipped for this work, and plans are under way for establishing near the front a small factory for the repair and manufacture of the more simple surgical apparatus. One hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated for medical research work; $519,000 has been voted to establish and equip Hospital Warehouses near the theatre of war; the War Council appropriated $1,500,000 for immediate purchase of foodstuffs for the sick and needy; $1,000,000 was set aside for the purchase of supplies in France—this covers particularly a stock of blankets and certain foodstuffs. In response to a demand for tobacco, certain prominent firms donated 3,000,000 cigarettes, 20,000 packages of smoking tobacco, and 10,000 ten-cent cuts of chewing tobacco. Most of the transportation in France has to be handled by motor trucks. Units of trucks, with a personnel of fifty trained men each, have been planned, one of which has already been forwarded.

The Civilian Relief Department has arranged a Tuberculosis Sanitarium in France and is making strenuous efforts toward the prevention of the disease. One million dollars was appropriated for the sick and wounded French soldiers and their families. An Infant Welfare Unit has been organized and dispatched to combat the high death rate of children, which compared in 1916 with the birth rate in the proportion of eleven to three. A temporary children's shelter, also, has been established at Toul, a city in the war zone. Destitute French refugees from the devastated war zone number about 400,000 and an effort is being made to minister to them as effectively as possible. The "reëducation" of mutilated soldiers is being organized, and $403,090 has been appropriated for a provisional experiment in the relief of poverty stricken families in the war zone.

The work already begun by the French Red

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Cross, in providing canteens for the soldiers near the firing line, is being extended by the American Red Cross. One canteen can keep about 125 gallons of hot drinks at the boiling point. Four thousand portions—coffee, tea, cocoa, bouillon, lemonade, mint—have been served by one canteen in a single day.

Six hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated for relief work in Armenia. There are at least 2,000,000 people in Western Asia whose death can be prevented only by communication with the committee handling this work. From one town alone there is a call to provide for 10,000 fatherless children.

Two hundred thousand dollars was appropriated to meet the more urgent needs found by the Italian Commission.

The formation of a special department under the American Red Cross Commission to France to direct all Red Cross activities in Belgium, has been organized with headquarters at Havre, the present seat of the Belgian government. Dr. Ernest P. Bicknell, formerly Director-General of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross, and now Deputy Commissioner to Europe, is in charge of the work in Belgium. Assisting him is the Reverend John Van Schaick, Pastor of the Church of Our Father in Washington, D. C., and a member of the Commission.

Realizing the great need for trained workers to look after the interests of the families of the soldiers who have been sent abroad and to take care of their interests, Mr. W. Frank Persons, Director General of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross, arranged for a six weeks' course in Home Service work. The course called for twenty-four class sessions of about one hour each, reading and field work to complete the course. Each student was expected to reach an established standard of proficiency and those who did so were awarded a certificate by the American Red Cross.

That the comforts and the work of the Red Cross is deeply appreciated by men in the service is evinced in many letters of thanks received daily. Two of these from American soldiers, quoted below, portray the trend of these:

Dear Friends:

I want to thank you for the Red Cross bag. I found everything useful and beneficial.

I am sure we all will try and show how we appreciate your kindness when we get to France.

DEAR MADAM:

I am a enlisted man in the 3rd Field Artilly and just received your Misalaneous gift of your bag of useful gifts to a young man in service. You sure can believe me that it was accepted most heartly and it was just the thing I needed most of all as the buttons on my shirt was begining to fall off. I thank you one and all for the gift very much indeed.

Your Friend as a soldier.

From a French friend in the trenches came the following:

It is for me a great joy to inform you that all the kind gifts you have addressed to our hospital have been the welcome.

I have been choiced by my comrades to bring you their most sincerely thanks.

Truly it is for them who have fought for long, very long, against a dreadful enemy, a sweet happiness of thinking to those who help them with such gallantry.

Much moved by your generosity, I beg to tender you their best feelings for the very valuable help you have rendered and which is very highly appreciated.

Yours faithfully

A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

On a little scrap of dirty paper torn from a package came this note in French:

MY FRIENDS:

I want to send to you my very best thanks for the nice package that I received from you. Two shirts, a candle, underwear, and shoes. I received it with very great pleasure, and it renders me great service, because I am from the invaded country and I have never received anything from anyone but you. My thanks and my best wishes to you for always.

A POILU.

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WANTED: MORE RED CROSS DOGS FOR AMERICA

BY

WALTER A. DYER

(Author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," etc.)

IT HAS been estimated that over 10,000 dogs are in use by the various armies at war in Europe; how many more have lost their lives in service no man knows. This fact alone is sufficient to prove beyond argument that the dog is a military adjunct of the first importance. But in spite of the example of the other nations at war, our Government has thus far done practically nothing toward the securing and training of dogs for the American armies and ambulance service abroad. It is high time that we made a serious beginning.

The military dogs are no hobby; their usefulness has been amply demonstrated. In Europe they are used, in the main, for three purposes—as ambulance assistants and searchers out of the wounded, as scouts and messengers, and as sentries. To a small extent they are used as ammunition carriers as well, while terriers have been employed to rid the trenches of rats. Of these activities the most valuable, probably, is the first.

I have before me a sheaf of clippings from newspapers, magazines, and journals devoted to dogs in which are recounted literally hundreds of instances where dogs have saved the lives of wounded soldiers during the present war. I am tempted to reprint some of these stories, for the sake of their emotional appeal. But they are, after all, only isolated instances. They are simply indications of the great work being done by the dog on European battlefields, a work of which we have taken little or no official cognizance. These stories lead me to believe that not a day passes on the French and Belgian fronts that does not find some dog, unmentioned in the orders of the day, braving shell fire and bullets in the discharge of his appointed duty, and perhaps laying down his life in the heroic effort.

For the dog can do what no man can. He can dash through shot and shell, swiftly and to a position where it would be sure death for a man to go. He can find the wounded by his superhuman sense of smell, distinguishing the living from the dead. He can bear water and restoratives to the stricken soldier, and then, by bringing back a helmet or other object, inform his masters of the wounded man's presence, and then lead them there when it is safe to go.

These things he does every day on the battlefields of Europe, finding the wounded in the blackest nights, saving nobody knows how many lives. Shall we, then, send no such willing servants with our American boys when they sail for France?

This idea of the war dog is no new thing. Most modern armies, with the exception of our own, had trained squads of dogs in service before the outbreak of the present war. It is recorded that the idea originated with Herr J. Bungartz, a celebrated German animal painter. In 1885 he began a system of training with a number of dogs. He experimented with several breeds, including the German pointer, but he found the Scotch collie to be, on the whole, the most adaptable and clever.

The training of war dogs was then taken up by France, followed by Russia, Austria, and Italy. St. Bernards, German and Belgian sheepdogs, and spaniels were used. Japanese officers, who studied the subject in Europe, favored the collie, which was also used by Turkey. In the British army collies were trained as ambulance dogs, chiefly by Major E. H. Richardson of the West Yorkshire Regiment, who also found bloodhounds to be useful. The ambulance dog became a permanent establishment of the British army, and trials were held regularly at Aldershot. Some of these collies were used with good results in Manchuria by the Russian Red Cross.

At the outbreak of the present war all of the principal belligerents at once perceived the advisability of increasing the canine arm of the service. The Germans drafted thousands of dogs. The French followed suit, and proved to be even more skilful in the training.

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The proposal for a supply of war dogs has not lacked ardent advocates in this country. The German Shepherd Dog Club of America and the Army and Police Dog Club of the United States have both been active in promoting the propaganda. Miss Anne Tracy and other interested individuals have been active in Washington, but thus far without notable results. Miss Tracy writes me as follows:

"The Red Cross has undertaken to supply dogs trained for sanitary work to the U. S. Medical Corps, but up to now there has been no real work done excepting with a few dogs which went unofficially with one of the California units. Early in May Senator Brady of Idaho received a letter signed by the Secretary of War requesting him to procure the necessary legislation to permit the army to use whatever funds were necessary for the purchase, training, and maintenance of dogs for military purposes. Senator Brady introduced a bill, but the legislation was blocked by individual senators who knew little and cared less about the matter, and although the General Staff and the Medical Corps have recommended it in every possible way, we realize that it may be months before they can get the appropriation. The Government, as you know, is not allowed to accept gifts which require continued expenditure, so we now hope for success through the Red Cross, which has accepted the offer of some members of the German Shepherd Dog Club and expects to send over dogs to work with our troops as soon as they are needed.

"One tentative plan follows: Dogs will receive their preliminary and trial training on this side at a place designated by the Red Cross. All those dogs proving themselves inapt, shy, stupid, or physically unsound will be returned to the donors or sold. Dogs will be shipped to France in units of twelve in charge of a trained man and will receive their final training on the other side before being assigned to their guides for service with troops. Dogs will be under the control of the U. S. Medical Corps while in service. Dogs must be intelligent, loyal, and fearless. Either sex is acceptable and dark coloring is preferable. Police training is not desirable. Dogs to be trained should be between eight and twelve months old. We hope for donations of dogs suitable for service."

Accordingly, the Red Cross is to take the initiative in this matter, and it is earnestly to be hoped that members and friends of the organization who own suitable dogs or who are in any way interested in this matter will coöperate to the end that the Red Cross dog will soon be a recognized institution. As I have said before, the Red Cross dogs will be especially dear to us now that they may succor our own boys in our bitter fight for liberty.

A certain experimenter has written me as follows: "I have been interested in the German shepherd dog for Red Cross work for about a year, and established a training camp near Pasadena some eight months ago. I was handicapped in my original stock, as the good dogs are very high priced, and I find it makes a great difference whether they are descended from trained stock or from untrained specimens. I was fortunate in securing a trainer who, though he had never handled dogs for Red Cross work, had put in most of his life breaking shooting dogs for field trials, private work, etc.

"We have eliminated from the course of training all the police dog work—that is, attacking, refusing food from strangers, etc.—specializing in trailing, forced retrieving, jumping, and other work which might be useful in the Red Cross service. My first and greatest mistake was to train the dogs in the country. When the Ambulance Corps No. 1 was organized in Pasadena, I gave them a pair of the dogs which were letter perfect in their work on the ranch. We made the two boys who had them in charge work right with them every day, and there was practically nothing you could ask them to do that they would not go through with. We failed, however, to take them down into the town, and when they left for the East they were badly frightened, bands, street cars, and the like being too much for them. Since they have been at the training camp at Allentown, however, they have settled down and I understand are doing very well. I have four or five others trained, or partially trained, all of which I expect to give to the Red Cross units in this vicinity when they are called out."

The training, indeed, is a serious matter, and one which cannot be hurried through successfully. One of the first things the dogs are taught is to find articles that have been hidden. Then they are sent to find men who have been stationed as decoys. They are also taught to scale barriers eight feet high and to carry messages. They learn to bark or to keep silent on command. Strict discipline must be observed, and no command must be permitted that is not enforced, although the whip should never be employed. It takes time to train an ambulance dog as he should be trained, and, what is just as important, it takes time to train the man that is to handle him.

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Photograph from International Film Service

THE CANINE BRANCH OF THE ARMY

At the outbreak of the war the principal belligerents realized at once the importance of training dogs for the battlefield. The Germans drafted thousands of them but the French are, perhaps, the most skilful in the matter of training

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OVER THE TOP

The Red Cross has undertaken to supply dogs trained for sanitary corps and expects to send them over to work with our troops as soon as they are needed

The German shepherd dog has been found to be well suited to this work. Powerful, steadfast, and hardy, he is well fitted to stand the strain, and he is intelligent enough to learn his work. It is unfortunate, however, that the idea has spread that it is useless to attempt to train other breeds. The truth is that any dog of sufficient weight and stamina, that shows himself apt to learn, may be found useful for the Red Cross service, whatever his breed. The British have found the collie to be entirely satisfactory, though there is this to be said against any of the shepherd breeds or hunting dogs: It is the human scent that must play the leading part in the war dog's work, and a breed that had been trained through generations to work on the scents of animals may sometimes go wrong.

Mr. Sam Crabtree, an English dog authority, in a recent interview, strongly recommended a cross between the bloodhound and the Airedale terrier, combining the man-finding ability of the one with the intelligence, speed, and gameness of the other. It is my personal belief that our best chance is with the Airedale terrier—not the small type seen in the bench shows, but the large, rugged fellows, weighing sixty pounds or more, that are now quite common in the West, where they are used for everything from sheep herding to big game hunting. Police officials in New York inform me that the Airedale is more difficult to train than the Belgian sheepdog, but when once thoroughly broken to his work he has no equal.

We have plenty of dogs in this country, plenty of Airedales; our canine resources are great. The question must be taken up in a big, thoroughgoing, methodical, efficient manner, and if the Government won't undertake it, the Red Cross must, or hundreds of our American boys may suffer and perish.

Photograph from Harold A. Parker

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LOOK OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Measures for the Safeguarding of Young America in Wartime. England now Correcting Mistakes Made at the Beginning of the War

BY
OWEN R LOVEJOY
(General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee)

ONE of the most illuminating examples of French heroism in this war is that of the French school teachers who have faithfully conducted their classes in the ruins of besieged towns. School buildings may have been destroyed, enemy shells may be shrieking overhead, but French schools go on, in cellars, anywhere and everywhere, and the teachers have constituted themselves the special guides and protectors of the children, directing them in both work and play, and shielding them so far as possible from the horrors of nearby warfare. In Rheims, for instance, in spite of enemy guns, school was conducted in cellars for 498 children out of a total of 715 and the regular studies pursued. Recently a woman teacher was decorated for distinguished service in protecting and caring for her charges, and everywhere in France this work seems to have been recognized as a unique, valuable war service. So insistent is France that her children be educated even during war, that in 1916 it was ordered that all unemployed children between thirteen and eighteen must attend school or industrial classes. Parents who did not obey the order would lose their unemployment benefits. And this, remember, in the midst of a deadly war, fought largely on French soil and at the expense of France's best resources. Could there be a better commentary on the French valuation of education and of her children? Could there be a better example for us as we enter the war?

Our measures for child protection in the past have not been marked by any very great heroism. For thirteen years the National Child Labor Committee has sought to persuade state after state to free its child laborers and provide for their education. Few states responded readily. They had to be hammered year after year until they were forced to remedy some of the most flagrant evils. It was slow work and finally a partial solution of the problem was sought in a federal child labor law which would establish for the whole country a uniform ruling. Now, after a campaign lasting three years, the bill was passed and went into effect September 1, 1917.

With that much accomplished, the National Child Labor Committee planned to turn its attention to forms of child labor not covered by the federal law, such as local occupations in stores, street selling, and agricultural employment, and to the extension and improvement of school facilities. There is still one state where there is no compulsory education law, three states where the law does not apply to the entire state, and seven others where children are not required to attend school until they are at least fourteen. A bill introduced in Congress at the last session providing for federal aid to

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THE WAR INVADES THE TENEMENT HOUSES
Is it true patriotism to permit the nation's emblem to be produced under conditions such as this?

elementary schools in order that children in sparsely populated districts might have as good an education as children in the wealthier sections, received the hearty endorsement of the Committee. The adoption of mothers' pension laws by all states to prevent children from assuming the burden of family support before they have completed at least an elementary education, the development of a system of education that would give children who must enter industry at fourteen or sixteen the best possible training and that would continue their training after they have gone to work—all these were planks in the National Child Labor Committee's platform when the United States declared war on Germany.

What has happened to these hard-won victories and plans for the future during these first months of war?

Perhaps because we did not realize the seriousne s of the problem, or perhaps because we have never fully appreciated, in spite of our baby saving campaigns and child welfare committees, the true value of child conservation and development, the beginning of the war for us was marked by an astonishing number of schemes for war service *by the children themselves*, schemes which usually called for the suspension of the labor laws or the closing of schools. Among the first war emergency bills introduced in a number of states were laws providing for the relaxation of child labor and compulsory education laws so that there would be no hindrances to the use of children in factories and on farms. Practically none of these bills carried any provision for safeguarding these children from overwork and exploitation. They were to be regarded simply as so much emergency machinery, to be used until worn out and then discarded.

Do you not remember the innumerable plans for increasing our food supply by a general release of children from school to work on farms? Do you not remember that most of these plans showed little knowledge of a child's capacity, of the results of loss of schooling, or of the real nature of farmwork? In New York City, for instance, it was suggested that all the schools be closed in April to permit the children to go out to farms and work. There was no mention, however, of how to get the children to the farms, how to discover what farmers needed them, how to see that only the healthy went, or what to do with the thousands left to play in the streets!

There were repeated appeals, early in the war, for the help of children in canning factories. But there was no mention of the fact

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THE NEWSBOY CRIME

We generally admire the interesting characters of the little newsboys we meet, but do we ever stop to figure the cost?

that investigation has shown that the canning industry, unless carefully regulated, is especially hard on child workers because of the excessive hours of labor in rush times, the "speeding up" to avoid spoiling materials, and the usual unsanitary living conditions. The words "food shortage" have become ones to conjure with, and the canners in one state had little trouble in persuading the state superintendent of schools that it was his patriotic duty to recommend that local school officials open the schools two or three weeks late in the fall so that the children might assist in canning the crops. And this was in a state where there is a lower age limit for canning factories than for any other industry.

From the South there came the suggestion that the new federal child labor law, which provides a fourteen-year limit for factories and mills, be set aside during the war so that the cotton mills might continue to employ eleven and twelve-year-old children the full eleven-hour day. But there was no mention of the fact that illiteracy in the South, even among the whites, is more prevalent than in any other section of the country, and that it was proved by government investigation that the child in the cotton mill has half as good a chance as the child outside the mill to live to be twenty-one.

In short there was at the beginning of the war a clamor for the use of children in all kinds of labor, but there was little recognition of the shortsightedness of a policy that would curtail our children's schooling, endanger their health, or in any way waste our human resources at a time when we must conserve every bit of energy and efficiency for the future as well as the present. People cried, "Let the children do their bit!" without stopping to analyze the children's capacities or to consider what might be "their bit" in the long run. Neither have they been quick to perceive that in most instances the industries that have seized upon the war as an argument for lowering child labor standards are the same industries that have always opposed the enactment of these selfsame standards.

To mention but one striking example of the effects of war on labor, tenement homework in New York City has, according to the National Consumers' League, increased alarmingly. And in one tenement home where even the tiniest children worked as long as they could, they were turning out, for three cents a gross, little lapel-button American flags to be worn by patriotic citizens! And because we are all too preoccupied or too busy properly to safeguard American children, even our soldiers' uniforms

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IN THE SOUTHERN COTTON FIELDS
"So far as we have any information, the greatest number of children have gone this year into farmwork"

have found their way into the tenements, there to be worked upon by children in the filthiest of homes in violation of labor and sanitary laws. The War Department is investigating the matter and will doubtless take steps to prevent this, but homework is a form of industry very hard to regulate and control even in normal times, and it is obvious that if it is difficult in times of peace—it will be many times more difficult in war when more attention is given to getting things done than to finding out where and how they are done. Other articles in which the Government is not directly interested will find their way into the tenements and an industry which is more destructive of home life and the health of children than any other will flourish unchecked in the flurry of war preparations

In Trenton, New Jersey, where in normal times 800 children take out work permits in the course of a year, 2,000 have taken out permits this year. Where are these children? Have they left school permanently? Are they engaged in some occupation that will be detrimental to their health? These are questions that must be answered, for if Trenton's experience is typical of what is happening all over the country we shall have 5,000,000 child laborers to-morrow where we had 2,000,000 yesterday.

So far as we have any information, the greatest number of children have gone this year into farmwork, and the conclusion of the agent of the National Child Labor Committee, who studies the farm situation in five states, is that there is doubt "whether the harm done to the children and the school system during the first four months of the war has not been out of all proportion to their contribution to the food supply." For the use of children in agriculture has been singularly heedless and disorganized. In most places children were excused from school in the spring "for farmwork," but there was no follow-up system to see that they actually worked and no certification of their physical fitness. In Kansas, for instance, school officials were empowered to excuse children "of passing grade" (but there was no definition of such grade) and the state superintendent of schools said this summer that he did not know how many children had left school, where they had gone, or when they would return. In some places the local superintendents took matters into their own hands, fixed age limits and grades for leaving school, and followed up the children to some extent, but so far as the state is concerned those children are "somewhere in Kansas," presumably working, and they may or may not return to school in the fall. Mis-

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IDEAL RECREATION GROUNDS

If circumstances such as this could be arranged there would be a revolution in the educational standards of America

souri fixed a state-wide fourteen-year age limit but released the children without certificates of health or of intended employment, and there too the school authorities do not know how many children have left school or where they have gone. New Jersey has worked out a more careful scheme of child farm-labor, but even there, because the needs of the farmer were not carefully consulted, some of the 9,000 children who joined the state Junior Industrial Army have been doing odd jobs at mowing lawns, mending roads, and pulling weeds, because there was not enough productive work to fill up their time.

In solving the child farm-labor problem during the war there are at least three things to be considered:

1. *The needs of the farmers.*

There is no gain in letting children wholesale out of school if there is no work for them to do, or if they are not capable of doing what the farmers want done. At the outset of the farm labor movement last spring the National Child Labor Committee sent a questionnaire to grange officers throughout the country asking if in their districts the labor of city school children was desired. The answers came from thirty-two states and 62 per cent. of them said emphatically "No." Of the 38 per cent. who answered "Yes," 68 per cent. qualified their answers by saying "for a little while," "during berry picking," "the older ones," or something of the kind. Several farmers from the Middle West wrote that they wanted grown men who could handle machinery and horses. A man from New Hampshire wrote, "It would take two farmers to teach one boy!" An Illinois farmer said, "It takes too much of the farmer's time to teach them." Another said, "The work is too hard."

In short, farming is a skilled occupation which the child can not take up without training, a good deal of the work is heavy, calling for more strength than the young child has to give, and the farmer usually has not the time to watch the child and give him appropriate tasks. The National Child Labor Committee in a constructive plan for farmwork by children, issued last spring, suggested that only the older children be sent away from home to farms, but that the younger children be employed under competent supervision on school gardens or community plots, directed by a summer agricultural faculty from the schools, so that their work might be efficient and they themselves safeguarded from exploitation. To send children promiscuously to farm districts is both a hindrance to the farmer and a danger to the children.

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2. *The welfare of the children.*

No child should be permitted to leave school for farmwork who can not pass a careful physical examination, nor should he be sent to the farms without adequate provision for his living quarters, food, and recreation. One complaint by the farmers who answered the National Child Labor Committee's questionnaire was that city children were not contented in the country because "there were no movies!" Obviously it is a good deal to ask of a town-bred child that he go to the country and adapt himself at once to hard outdoor labor and an entirely new life. For this reason, and because it has been found that boys work more efficiently that way in most cases, the gang system, tried out this summer, whereby the children go out in gangs to a given district, live in camps under Scout Masters, Playground, or Y. M. C. A. directors, and are taken to the farms to work and returned to camp at night, has apparently proved the most successful way of working city children in the country. Under this system food, sleeping quarters, work hours, and play time are all regulated and the farmer is able to secure labor when he wants it but is free from the care of the children.

3. *The children's schooling.*

Few people realize how much difference a few weeks of school may make in a child's progress and how necessary it is that only the more advanced pupils of high standing be excused from school for work. In recent studies of agricultural child labor by the National Child Labor Committee it has been found that absence from school for farm work is the chief cause of retardation in school in the rural districts. In Colorado where children in certain counties are kept out of school from two to twenty-two weeks each year to work in the sugar-beet fields it was found that in some districts 73 per cent. of the beet-workers were retarded while only 5 per cent. of the non-beet workers were retarded. Even a short absence from school may spoil a child's chances of progress as was shown in the reports of the Philadelphia school teachers at the time when Philadelphia children were late in returning to school because they worked in New Jersey cranberry bogs. Then the teachers said that these children "seemed to forget all they knew," "were dirty and neglected," came back tired and worthless, after their few weeks of farmwork. The country child in America already has a school term forty-six days shorter than the city child and twice as many country children as city children are illiterate. To close rural schools earlier and open them later that the children may work in the fields means depriving the country child of his small share of America's free education, and his one chance to stay out of the ranks of illiterates. For the city child, to close the schools or to excuse him from attendance to work on the farms, is to subject him to dangers of retardation, to suggest to him that after all perhaps he need not go to school, and to prepare him for that too early departure from school that is the temptation of city children.

We already have some 5,000,000 illiterates in the United States. Can we afford to create a larger army of them simply because we have not thoroughly organized and regulated child agricultural labor?

In the midst of war, England has discovered the absolute necessity of re-building her school system, of returning to a shorter work day in her factories, and of encouraging the upbuilding of the child welfare agencies that gave up their activities earlier in the war. Sir Herbert Fisher asked in Parliament this spring for an increase of £3,829,000 over last year's educational budget. The Committee on juvenile education has recommended a general fourteen-year age limit for leaving school throughout England with the abolition of all exemptions, and the establishment of day continuation schools for children between fourteen and eighteen with compulsory attendance for at least eight hours a week.

The spirit that must be back of these changes the committee states is a "complete change of temper and outlook on the part of the people of this country as to what they mean to make of their boys and girls. Can the conception of the juvenile as primarily a little wage-earner be replaced by the conception of the juvenile as primarily the workman and the citizen in training? Can it be established that the educational purpose is to be the dominating one, without as well as within the school doors, during these formative years?"

What is America's answer to these questions? Are our children simply little wage-earners, sacrificed for the apparent emergency? Or are they our future citizens, safeguarded, developed, and prepared to be fit citizens of the United States? Our treatment of our children in wartime will tell.

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THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS LEND A HELPING HAND

BY

Dr. LUTHER HALSEY GULICK

(President, The Camp Fire Girls)

WE USUALLY conceive of girls as women-in-the-making rather than something in themselves. They are futures, and our treatment of them is as futures, with reference to what they are going to be rather than what they now are. Yet there is a quality of girlishness which has its peculiar distinction and unusual importance, especially in a world at war. Girls are not only interesting creatures who look forward wistfully into the future fullness of womanhood, with its devotions, reticences, and joys in others, but also they are beings with a strange and inspiring power because of their simple, trustful relations to life—ties which belong beautifully to childhood. And if girls are such great—if not one of the greatest—forces to keep alive this spirit of childhood on earth, most assuredly they comprise a sound institution of cheer and hopefulness in an otherwise uncertain world. Indeed, girls are essentially women whose ideals, happiness, faith, and vision have not been marred or blurred by the exigencies of so-called "real" experiences in life, and we depend upon girls between twelve and twenty, and upon women who maintain these qualities, for the preservation of clear appraisal during the cloudy days. Society—the society of humanity—might almost be described as a structure whose spirit of design is the spirit of girlishness.

But let us first see—before accepting this fact—what the true spirit of girlishness embraces. Since the participation of America in the war, the Camp Fire Girls have been faced with certain problems. They were needed to help the Red Cross Society; they were offered opportunities in the Liberty Bond campaign; their food-saving expeditions, and "Give Service" buttons had to be supported and demonstrated. How did the girls approach these enterprises? By the boisterous, stimulating, and catching bravado of boys? By the convincing logic of men, or by the masculine assertiveness of suffragettes? Not at all! They simply practised being themselves upon all occasions. They threw their enthusiasm into a Chautauqua food-saving campaign, or a Red Cross ice-cream social in their own inspired manner. They made the selling of Liberty Bonds a gay competition; they marched in

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parades where "they looked so beautiful"—which epitomizes, in a way, their whole message. For entirely apart from what they do, true girls are beautiful. They represent an inexhaustible fund of glad romance, of eager, self-forgetting joy in service, which is stored in every village, and town, and city. Girls are not merely helping their elders. They are performing a distinct service of their own. They are contributing to the spiritual integrity of our generation. I venture to say that no money was given more joyously than that through the Camp Fire Girls. The donors have even appreciated "value received," for a bit of happiness from the eager joyousness of the girls has made the giving pleasant.

Definite and material results, too, have been recorded. In April, May, June, and July of this year four hundred thousand dollars were raised for the Red Cross. And following is a healthy report from a leader in a Chautauqua food-saving campaign:

"During the last three days of Chautauqua we did our best to stir up the people to the food-saving campaign. We made several banners, used them in parade, pitched our tent on the ground, and called it the Registration Tent. Monday evening the management reserved seats for us, decorated them in red, white, and blue, and gave us the use of the stage during intermissions. We wore our ceremonial dresses; the girls sang our food conservation song, and I explained the pledge, and asked every lady in the crowded tent to sign it. . . . We expect our canning outfit this week, when we will can on a per cent. basis; or cash, so much per dozen. We are to take an active part in demonstration work, when the demonstrator is here from our state college of agriculture. We are to do sewing for the Red Cross as soon as our patterns come . . . Just as I was enclosing this in an envelope I had a phone call from a lady fifteen miles in the country saying that the ladies were going to have an ice-cream social next Wednesday and want the Camp Fire Girls to come out and help, the proceeds to be given to the girls for the Red Cross fund. Good! We'll be there, and we'll take a good crowd with us."

From Louisiana came the news that in a town, where prizes were offered to Camp Fire Girls and Boy Scouts in a Liberty Bond selling campaign, four girls won out by selling one hundred and forty bonds. A New York village registered that "The 'Give Service' buttons arrived just in time for the girls to wear them at a Red Cross dinner where they waited on all the tables and cleared over two hundred dollars. The buttons helped, as there were

ROLLING THE PACK

Learning the arts of the out-of-doors. Last summer 45,000 Camp Fire Girls went camping with their guardians, the bulk of them on money they had earned themselves

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THE DANCE OF THE WIND AND THE WAVES

Camp Fire Girls in an interpretative dance expressing the vitality and happiness which lies forever at the heart of things

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THE CEREMONIAL GOWN

These girls, with their decorated paddles and official costumes, are prepared for the monthly Council Fire

only eight girls to serve about three hundred people. So you see we needed a lot of courage." From Wisconsin we learned that "A Red Cross parade was given in our town and my girls wore their 'Minute Suits,' and on their hats was pinned a red cross. They looked so beautiful. I marched as a nurse with them. We had a grand parade. I intend to teach the girls how to make things for the Red Cross to send to the soldiers and sailors."

Without being masculine, the girls adore manliness, a certain readiness and spontaneity and freedom from care, which, upon stimulation, knows few limitations. Life's deeper purposes are absent and they are free to arouse an atmosphere of radiant, romantic affection for all—which may be deeper than the supposedly "deep!" It is in making this affection serve a beautiful and noble cause that the Camp Fire Girls has its field.

The first Camp Fire Girls were a family group with the friends who gathered about them. The beautiful things that girls might do together with a leader in their homes, out of doors, in work and play, were grouped and given form and spirit, with a symbolic background interpreted from history to catch and make permanent the elusive element of romance. The response was immediate. All over the country, all over the world, Camp Fires were started, guardians sat with their girls in council, until on the fifth anniversary of the organization, this spring, one hundred thousand girls were enrolled. It is these girls and many more who are being added daily to their ranks, who are able at this time to come forward, not as individuals, but as groups trained in team-work to "do their bit." It is these girls and their mothers and sisters and friends who had adopted, almost before Mr. Hoover was giving his message to the women of America, their war programme of saving and serving which had been worked out in closest consultation with the officials at Washington. This was—and is so far as I know—the most specific, simple, workable war-time creed of conduct that any organization has proposed.

To save food daily—thrice daily—that our allies and we may have strength with which to win the war is a grim necessity. It is a peculiarly difficult thing to do because each act seems so trivial and the job is endless—three times one day, then three times the next day, and three times the following, throughout each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. It is before the endless stupidity of the commonplace that human nature fails. Even heroes in battle often falter in those tasks that involve long-continued doing of the obvious. I often think of the differences between the army in the battlefields and the army, equally necessary as President Wilson tells us, in the kitchens. The army on the battlefield is like Niagara, tremendous, inspiring, thunderous, destructive, full of evident power, and having all the pomp of embodied people. The army in the homes is like the rain, silent, gentle, without spotlight or blare of trumpets, or the glare of newspaper attention; so insignificant but just as important.

It is not too much to say that the attainment of food saving upon a large scale and carried out for a long period is dependent upon our being able to conceive of it in some way as a joyous achievement, an adventure, a happy serving of our guests. Just as the imagination must play upon the army and war, expressing itself through the thrill of the uniform, the

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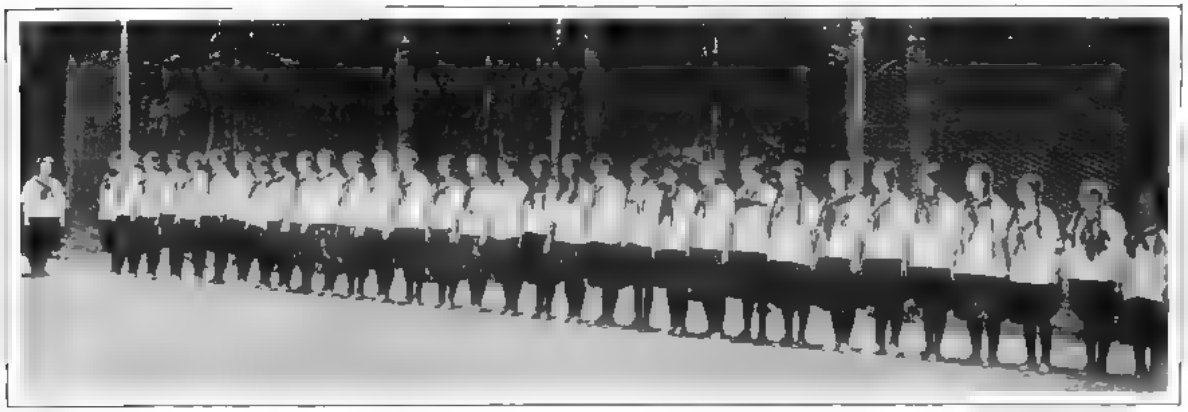

THE "GIVE-SERVICE" UNIFORM
The wearers are called "Minute Girls" while so clad and engaged in war-time service

marching regiment, the band, the colors, and make of it a glorified entity, so must the food-saving army be treated. Here our girls have a peculiar service. They are in the majority of the homes of America, they are helping to peel the potatoes, wash the dishes, make the hash, and set the table, overcoming food prejudices. Theirs is the task, the high privilege, of making this an adventure, an adventure having its humor, beauty, and whimsicalities. Here are some of the ways in which they are carrying out the Hoover programme—all with Mr. Hoover's personal approval and delight. They have created sixteen foodsaving honors as follows:

1. Use at least as much corn as you do wheat products.
2. Invent a new corn bread or pudding, etc., and have the family eat it twenty times in three months.
3. Make three different corn recipes sufficiently popular to be each used once a week.
4. Do not eat meat or eggs more than once a day.
5. Eat everything edible on the plate.
6. Have not more than two courses at regular meals.
7. Use a fireless cooker twenty-five times in each month.
8. Do your marketing personally, not by telephone, except in emergencies.
9. Work in a vegetable garden on the average of three hours a week.
10. Preserve enough of any fruit or berries for the family for the winter.
11. Preserve enough of any one vegetable for the use of the family for the winter, such as corn, beans peas, or tomatoes.
12. Do not throw away any bread or other wheat products.
13. Scrape all mixing bowls and food dishes clean with a spatula.
14. Throw away no bones until you have used them for soup. Add to your soup stock every available remnant of food.
15. Throw away no fat.
16. Before disposing of any waste, carefully inspect the contents of all baskets and pails to see that nothing edible is thrown away.

Camp Fire Girls are undertaking in many places to give War-time Banquets, at which new recipes are demonstrated, new dishes given, economies practiced, all with beauty, daintiness, joy, and in the spirit of adventure. Little food-saving plays, skits, pantomines are being given by girls before their Sunday Schools, before women's clubs, before their classmates in school. A few are undertaking modes of demonstration in store windows.

The Camp Fire Girls are using the power of organization and of team-work in their Red Cross, Hoovering, gardening, etc.; that is, each girl belongs to a Camp Fire consisting of not less than six nor more than twenty girls over twelve years. They meet weekly and carry out the Minute Girl programme, which was adopted when the war was declared, as follows:

"EVERY DAY. Pray God for the triumph of right, and that you may have capable heads, hands, and feet, and unselfish, loving hearts. Walk, not ride, to school or work. Keep clean outside and inside every day. Sleep more than sixty-three hours a week, if you are under sixteen; more than fifty-six, if you are over sixteen. Carry out the programme of saving food and money.

"EACH WEEK. Hike, so as to bring your total up to thirty-five miles a week for three weeks a month —one hundred miles in a month. On each hike—learn one new way to save food; one new way

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to save money; one new way to handle an emergency (First Aid). Sing 'America,' 'Star Spangled Banner,' and 'Dixie.'

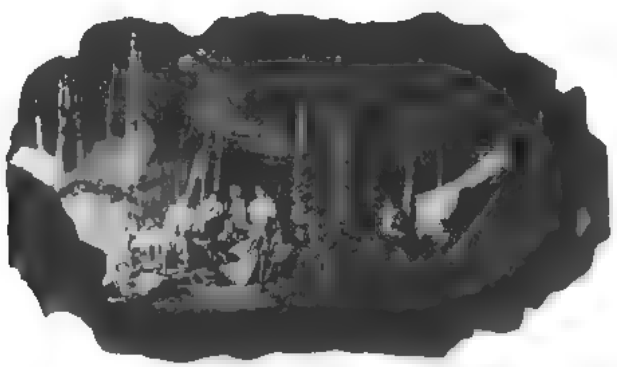
"EACH MONTH. Have a council fire where the events of the month are reviewed, savings and earnings tallied, general plans for the month outlined, that is, making surgical dressings, caring for orphan babies, etc.

"EACH SUMMER. All who can will have gardens, chickens, or a pig; will salvage adjacent crops of apples, berries, etc., will preserve the product, will go camping for not less than a week; and will endure some real hardship."

It is this programme that Camp Fire Girls are eager to share and spread. For the Camp Fire organization is not seeking its own glory. The girls have laid aside their beautiful ceremonial costumes, into which each maiden worked the story of her desires and her achievements, and have adopted for public occasions and service periods the simple universal costume of blue serge skirt (or bloomers), white middy blouse and red tie, with the round sailor's cap. Last year hundreds of girls marched in the great New York preparedness parade in this costume, and hundreds more gave up the elaborate and expensive graduation dress and were proud to receive their diplomas in this, the patriotic Minute Girl costume. Camp Fire Girls are sharing their war work as well as their uniform, with any girls who are interested, regardless of whether they are active members or not.

These qualities of girlhood are not available for war or other community service except by means of definite organization. "Girls and women can no more meet this food situation by each one doing her best individually than men can meet the war situation by each one springing to arms and fighting individually. We cannot get real results without big organization and a definite programme. Each one must feel that she belongs to the army, wears the colors, obeys the orders, sees progress, reports results, and feels that she is in line, touching elbows with others who are also serving. Organize therefore a group of from six to twenty who live near enough to coöperate in this nation-wide piece of team-work—the greatest piece of team-work ever attempted by girls and women." This was the summons that went out in the spring number of *Wohelo*, the monthly magazine of the organization, a summons to a programme dignified and ennobled by President Wilson's approving telegram: "My dear Mr. Gulick: I have read with close attention and very great interest your telegram of April seventeenth and want to say that it seems to me to embody an admirable programme. I hope that it will be carried out by the Camp Fire Girls, and I admire very much the spirit in which it was conceived. Cordially and sincerely yours, Woodrow Wilson." Mr. Wilson has since become our Honorary President in approval of our forms of service.

Camp Fire Girls is thus an organization that glorifies the very qualities of girlhood. It emphasizes a girl's primary relation to her own home and mother, and, at the same time, through organization and team-work, brings these girl qualities to bear in a large and joyous way in the service of the world at this hour. We aim to organize girls within their own sphere to help meet the great opportunity, rather than to train them to do, haltingly, as would be inevitable, tasks that should fall on other shoulders.



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GOING TO SCHOOL IN NANCY

"The stores are open daily. The tramways run guided by old men and women in uniform. The streets are swept every morning. Commerce marches painfully, but it marches"

FIFTEEN MINUTES FROM THE FRONT

Life in the Little City of Nancy Goes Placidly On Despite Occasional Bombardments and Visits from Hostile Airplanes

BY

RUTH WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

(Of The Vigilantes)

FIFTEEN minutes from the front by motor the roses on our table come from the garden; if one has roses in New York, one buys them. Here the tocsin sounds while one drinks his *café au lait*, or in the middle of the night, and, if it is cannon, he does not dally on his way to the cellar; there, beyond reach of the guns, one sleeps with no fear of the birds of destruction and no comprehension of *les obus*.

Nancy. A thousand feet above the sea, is this, the loveliest of the cities of the district, sheltered by the gracious, wooded hills of the forest of Haye. Before Columbus sailed for America, its ramparts kept out marauding enemies. Now the canal that connects the Marne with the Rhine flows barely a mile from the city.

Looking down from those hills, Nancy lies pink and white in the hot setting sun, square and somewhat sprawling, of houses with stone-foundations, white cement walls, and rose-colored tiled roofs, a cold gray cathedral and buildings with round towers that look a little like mosques. The exquisite Place Stanislas, with its four intricately grilled gateways, abuts the Hôtel de Ville and the prefecture.

There is something oriental about it all. It might, perhaps, be a suburb of Algiers. One could imagine orange-groves down the hillside instead of the silver-maples and evergreens, the white-birches, horse-chestnuts, elms, and ashes, and copper-beeches, and all the mass of green foliage which mingles in arbors and clambers over the high cement walls. Flowers are everywhere, lilies and roses, red and white ramblers that blind the sun and block the view, and offer no hint of the mud of November and the long frosts of winter.

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A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN WAR TIME

"They are an amazing population. Shells make them grumble but do not terrify them. . . . If a bombardment occurs with shells at five minute intervals, the population cheerfully emerges after ten minutes of silence"

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The latest guide-book, dated 1914, speaks of "since the war"—but that is the war of 1870. Nancy, with but 50,000 inhabitants before the Franco-Prussian fracas, was more than doubled by the advent of Alsatians, who refused the rule of the North Germans. They brought their industries here. The Nancéiens continued theirs. Printing, pianos, straw-hats, clocks, shoes, chemical products. In 1914, the population numbered 120,000.

Industry, art, and science vied with one another. As the largest cities know it, poverty did not exist. One played checkers at a café table, unmolested, for an evening for the price of a glass of beer; one ate of the abundance of an agricultural country—and the grapes are not the poorest in France. There were the treasures and paintings of the Museum to see of a Sunday afternoon, the public-library to frequent, the schools for one's children. There were the theatres and moving-pictures and opera; the interminable after-dinner arguments of whether the Germans seriously prepared for conquests, and whether the three-years' law for compulsory military-service were not an absurdity; and the 20th Army Corps to regard and ridicule—for what was the use of an army without a war?

Then came August. Monsieur Léon Mirman, of the Department of the Interior at Paris, bravely offered, at the critical moment—and at the risk of his life—to take over the prefecture of Meurthe-et-Moselle, that terror-stricken region of French-Lorraine, with Nancy as its capital-city. The enemy were burning and pillaging on their triumphal way westward. It was a question of which would reach Nancy first; the new prefect or the Germans.

The new prefect won. Prepared to surrender the keys of the city, but to preserve order nevertheless, he and his deputation waited. The Germans were unavoidably delayed. They have not yet reached Nancy.

They have merely annoyed Nancy. Taubes, Zeppelins, cannon. Sometimes each day. When the front is active in this neighborhood the guns boom incessantly. To-day the alarm was sounded five times for hostile aircraft.

Once, with a single shell, the Germans flattened a hotel to the ground. Another time, they destroyed a row of houses. In the middle of a street, the cobbles are indented with the splash of an *obus*, and the cement of the dwellings is chipped off in bits the size of one's hand, as if a gang of bad boys had thrown stones. Countless windows are broken. The stained glass of the beautiful church of St. Epvre is half replaced, piece by piece, with paper. A week ago, with no object but to terrorize, they aimed a score of "380" shells. . . . . .

One calls to mind details. There was a little boy. In a brief bombardment a year ago, a hole was cut in his face, and his arm splintered. Now he is soon to be discharged from the hospital. The arm is repaired. One eye is gone, but they have filled in the crevasses. He was a pretty boy.

Yet, within the last year and a half, practically none of the population has departed. Before then, what with the call for men of military age, and the newness of danger, about 50,000 dispersed. The men; most of the rich; the people with "nerves." On one occasion, every available train and vehicle bore crowded families with their impedimenta, fleeing from the city. Now the population see each fresh danger without a quiver of their eyes.

It is difficult to transplant an entire city. France has refugees aplenty. Think of Cleveland suddenly migrating to Philadelphia, or Galveston to San Francisco—not only migrating, but staying for three years. It can't be done! It is simpler, even with the front only ten miles away, for the population to remain and stick to their routine life. Here, the prefect, the mayor, everyone of responsibility, the poor and many of the bourgeoisie have stayed: about 70,000. After all, a city; and since a city cannot go on living in abject terror, there is calm.

The stores are open daily. One can purchase clothes, postcards, the macaroons of Nancy and the embroideries of Lorraine. The fountains, it is true, are encased in piles of dirt, against shelling; the paintings and art treasures are no longer within metropolitan limits; but the industries, upon which a city depends, tranquilly exist; lighting, heating, water, the hotels, the barber-shops, the *poste et télégraphe*. The tramways run, guided by old men or women in uniform. The streets are swept every morning. Commerce marches painfully, but it marches; and the hardships of a frontier-city are alleviated by an anxious State and a wise prefect.

It is, withal, a calm, almost phlegmatic city, with none of the nerves of New York, and, if one might venture to say so, none of the nerves of Paris. Since the telephones must be at the disposal of the military, the people forget they

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ever used telephones, and guard the instruments for ornaments. Since the order comes to forego meat on Thursdays and Fridays, the people unmurmuringly forego it. Since the mayor asks about the coal in each bin, the people inquire into their stores and give an accounting. When a couple of German 'planes appear in the sky to "have a look," the population put their heads out of doors and have a look also—and argue back and forth as to whether the first one can be hit by the pattering cannon, or if it is not going slower——

They are an amazing population. Shells make them grumble, but do not terrify them. If they are in the street, they look for the Cross of Lorraine—a double cross in red, which marks the places where the cellars are of vaulted stone: to those cellars they scramble. But if a bombardment occurs with shells at five minute intervals, the population cheerfully emerges after ten minutes of silence.

The woman in the tobacco-store, within a hundred feet of the latest bombardment apologetically explains why she was really a little afraid in her small area. She points to certain spots in the street: here this old lady was killed; there the daughter of the fruit-seller died, because, of course, that first *obus* arrived without warning. But—*c'est la guerre!* and what right has one to think of oneself when one's husband is ten miles or so—over there—in real danger, fighting for France? She is sorry for Mme. Pechin, who has been for three months in the civil hospital: Mme. Pechin was hit in the liver in a former bombardment; she worries about her children. Curious, isn't it, but her nephew was brought in yesterday from the front, and lies in the next ward from hers?

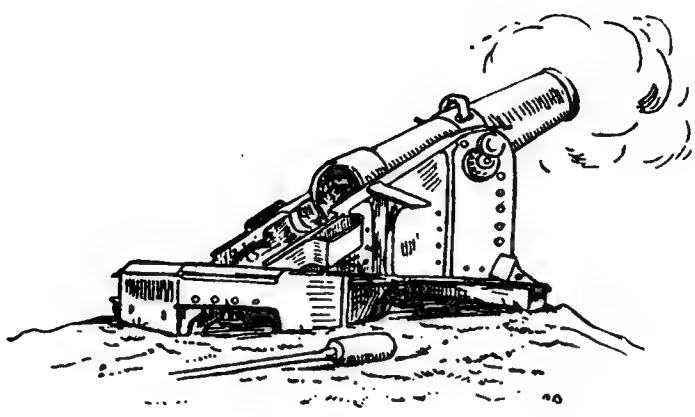
C'est la guerre!

Not many cities know War better than Nancy, which has had to listen to it from its cellars and watch it from its windows since the beginning: the thousands of refugees that poured into the Place Stanislas from the blazing countryside, barefoot, wounded, women in nothing but their chemises, children too frightened to cry, beaten down beyond speech of any sort for days; the trials of a veritable city of refugees, at last successfully met; bombardments, air-raids, the return of the wounded directly from the front, as soon as twelve hours after those same men have waved goodbye; the return, too, of prisoners, so near to that place from which they were sent that none could doubt the look in their eyes and the exhaustion of their physique and hope; then that fear, for so long, that Nancy would become another Brussels.

All the time, almost daily, great lorries carry soldiers, none knows whence or whither, through the city or round by the hills; huge cannon rumble past in the night and early morning; gray motor-cars, bearing men with three stars on their sleeves, speed up the cobbled streets.

If, by chance, it should be along this front that the Americans first come, we could not wish our men in a more pleasant countryside—barring the war and winter—with its fertile, rolling hills and kindly, friendly people; hands would be fervently clasped, and the cry would be sure to arise, over and over, from a tired, but not ungrateful Lorraine:

"Vivent les Américains!
Vive l'Amerique!"



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THE HAND ON THE SILL

BY

ALICE HEGAN RICE

(Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc)

THE tale was told me by a gentle missionary one torrid night in the Indian Ocean when we lay in our steamer chairs under the big southern stars and watched the dipper hanging upside down in the midnight blue.

"Yes," she was saying, "I've had a good many exciting experiences in my life. The East thirty years ago was a very different place from what it is now. I'll never forget the day I first landed in Kobe, nor the strange night that followed. I was only twenty-two, but I think I must have got my first gray hairs that night."

"Do tell me about it," I urged, settling myself comfortably for one of those delightful, desultory evenings that one never seems to have time for on shore.

"Well," said Miss Dayton, smiling down at her long thin hands grown old in the service of love. "You see neither Mary Peters nor I had ever been out of Tennessee when we started alone for Japan. She was one of these pretty, blond, helpless creatures who had no more business being a missionary than she had joining the army. She only lasted six months—married the first man who offered to take her home. We had both been wretchedly seasick on the way over and homesick as well, and what with the new country and new language and strange customs we were rather a forlorn pair as we climbed down the ship's ladder into the launch that was to land us in Kobe."

To cap our discomfort (the story went on) no one met us on the wharf so we had to find our way to the station as best we could and take the train for Kyoto. There a fresh misfortune awaited us. At the compound which was to be our future home, we found a letter stating that the teachers had gone to a camp in the mountains, and that we were to come on at once to the halfway house where Doctor and Mrs. Woods, the presiding elder and his wife, would take us the rest of the way.

"But how do we get there?" Mary asked almost in tears.

The *okasan*, the old woman in charge, tried to reassure us. In broken English she said it was all arranged that we should go by jinrikisha to the foot-hills and by *kago* the rest of the way. *Kagos* are those little bamboo hammocks, swung on poles which two men, one in front and one behind, bear on their shoulders.

"*Yoroshi*," she kept saying. "It's all right. You come Rest House by sundown, Doctor Woods him come Rest House by sundown. Very nice, everybody very happy."

But we were anything but happy as we ate a hasty luncheon and made ready to start forth again. It was terribly hot, and heavy clouds hung about the mountains which we must reach before night.

"Couldn't we stay here until morning?" asked Mary dolefully.

The *okasan* shook her head:

"Him say lady come to-night. Jinrikisha waiting, kago waiting. Must do as Master says."

So we each climbed into a jinrikisha and put our hand bags into another and with six coolies in attendance, three to push and three to pull, started forth on the last lap of our journey.

The first few miles were so beautiful that we almost forgot our troubles. I never see mists rising that I don't think of that afternoon. They formed all manner of fantastic shapes against the hills, swinging and swirling in the rising gale like gigantic scarves of gray gauze. Presently it began to rain and we had to stop while the coolies put up the tops of the jinrikishas and buttoned small squares of oilcloth across our laps.

While this was being done my attention was attracted by the man who had been my pusher. Of all the evil faces I had ever looked into his seemed the most sinister. His head was shaved, revealing hideous pock marks that extended down his face and on to his neck. You have seen people who can't shut their mouths easily on account of their upper lips being too short? Well, he was like that, with a horrible

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watching through my half-closed eyes for the reappearance of the hand.

But nothing happened. The intolerable seconds dragged into minutes, the minutes into hours, and not a sound broke the stillness. My arms and legs grew numb, my eyes ached with the tension. It was as if an executioner stood over me with sword uplifted and failed to strike. Over and over I kept praying that Doctor Woods would come, that the man would not return, that Mary would not wake up, and every moment that my prayer was answered the suspense became more utterly unendurable.

Just as the dawn was groping its way into the thicket, I heard a shout followed by the tramping of feet, then voices coming nearer and nearer, and a bluff English "Hello! Hello there!"

I sprang to my feet and shot the bolt of the door. But I did not get it open. The strain of the night had been too great and with a cry of relief I pitched over on my face in a dead faint. When I came to it was I who was on the cot and Mary and Doctor Woods were bending over me.

"Poor girl!" the good Doctor kept saying. "I never dreamed you would come through the storm. But my wife was anxious about you all night, and started me down the mountain as soon as it was light."

"But the man!" I whispered weakly, "the coolie with the pock-marked face——"

"Oh! Tomi?" said the Doctor, "I found him sleeping across the door. He didn't want you to know he was there. He said you made him leave you last night, but that after he got back to the village he was so worried about you two girls being up here alone that he came all the way back to take care of you. It was a terrible climb for a man to make twice in one day, but Tomi said: 'I no can rest when little white *Sensei* cry with her face in her hands.'"

I looked from the little white *Sensei* to the good Doctor, then I closed my eyes. Something very like shame swept over me as I realized how utterly I had misjudged the generous soul that dwelt in such an uncouth, ugly body.

I said no word of my experience to any one, but months later when I opened a night school in Kyoto for men, Tomi was my first pupil. I taught him to read and write English, and he became the head servant in the school.

Some day when you come to Kyoto to see me, you will be met by a stooped old man with a very pock-marked face, but you will not be afraid. For Tomi can speak our language now, and he will tell you with pride that for thirty years he has been "American Sensei's Number One Boy."

Behind the Battle Lines

BY

WILL S. GIDLEY

A dying soldier, crazed with pain,
Sent up the piteous cry:
"Oh, Mother, come; kiss me once more—
Just once before I die!"

A Red Cross angel bent over his cot,
As she was passing by.
"*Mother is here*!" she said, and kissed his lips—
And Heaven forgave the lie.

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HOW THE SCHOOLS CAN HELP

The Many Ways in Which the Younger Generation Can Help Carry the Burden. A Red Cross Junior Membership

BY

ANNA HEDGES TALBOT

(New York State Specialist in Vocational Training for Girls and Director Junior Membership and School Activities Atlantic Division, American Red Cross)

DO WE realize that there are twenty-two million children in all the schools of this country, who are, most of them, anxious for a chance to do what they can to help in Red Cross work? In the State of New York, for instance, as long ago as last March the school girls were given an opportunity of showing their willingness and the result was that three thousand girls made 15,000 articles by May first, working on an average of one hour a week. There are about 1,500,000 children, boys and girls, of the age of these three thousand girls in New York state in all of the schools of the United States. At this rate, two months of similar work opened up to this million and a half children would result in 7,500,000 articles for the Red Cross. That sounds almost like a full supply for an army and may seem incredible to those who do not know the large quantity and fine quality of reserve power in this army of school pupils. They love to work and have sent in, through various agencies, many expressions from all parts of the country to Red Cross headquarters in Washington of their desire to do something for the soldiers. They are moved by the same emotions and the same realizations that the rest of us are. Now that the war is an actuality, because our own sons and husbands and brothers and fathers are in khaki uniforms preparing to fight for the ideals of democracy, or, as our President says, "to make democracy safe for the world," we are more alert to suggestions for ways and means of giving our services as a people and as individuals.

When the kind and quantity of work done by these school girls was presented to the Red Cross chapters in the State of New York, there were many exclamations of surprise that the children could have done so much and such good work. Many said that it was better than much of the work turned in by adults; others said it was just as good. With this experience of what the children in the schools, as a part of their regular classroom work, could do, a plan was presented to the Red Cross officials in Washington by which this working power and spirit of service on the part of the children could be mobilized. The children want to become members of this great organization and want to wear a badge showing that they are members, so membership of the school children was a part of this proposed plan. It has been accepted by the officials in Washington, as outlined in detail by Dr. H. N. MacCracken, President of Vassar College. He saw that the boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy of youth could be directed into channels where they might be of immense benefit to mankind. Dr. Mac Cracken quickly and readily saw what would be the benefit to all parties concerned of this plan of school coöperation. The idea inspired him to draw up a plan of organization by which every school in the country, as a unit, might become a member of the Red Cross, enrolling every child on a twenty-five cent basis. Each school is to work for this membership fund in its own way, if the principal of the school feels convinced that such membership and consequent school activities for the Red Cross is in his opinion a good thing for his pupils. In good democratic fashion, it is left to the discretion of each individual principal, in conjunction with his or her supervising officers in the Board of Education and in close coöperation with the nearest Red Cross chapter. The pupils may work together as a class, group, grade, or school to earn the amount which represents twenty-five cents for each pupil. This sum will be called the School Supply Fund, which each group of pupils may augment as it can. When it represents the whole school enrollment at twenty-five cents each, the school will become a member of the

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Red Cross and may display a special banner to show that this school membership has been achieved. Each child will wear the small Red Cross Button, emblem of membership that the public now knows well. This Supply Fund will then be credited to the school by the local Red Cross Chapter, and supplies of materials, according to the most recent bulletin as to the army need for such supplies, will be sent to the school for the children to make up into the articles which are within their scope of workmanship.

What are some of the things which the New York children have made that has encouraged the endorsement by the Washington officials? In Buffalo, the eighth and ninth grades throughout the city, under the direction of their sewing teachers, made 1,500 hospital shirts and pajamas. There was not one alteration to be made in these garments when they were inspected at Red Cross headquarters. In Albany, N. Y., the girls in the seventh and eighth grades made many hundreds of hospital garments under the direction of one of the vocational teachers. They learned how to make buttonholes perfectly in a short time because there were so many buttonholes to make and as there was no time to do careless work, every stitch counted. In Troy, the children in one month in the public schools earned a thousand dollars through giving entertainments to which their parents came in great numbers because their children wanted the proceeds of the entertainment with which to buy Red Cross supplies. With this thousand dollars, they bought material enough for fifteen hundred garments, which they made up in another month. One of the membership campaign workers in Troy told the teacher who had conducted this splendid work that the mothers and fathers at the houses at which he called to solicit memberships, where the children were working on Red Cross materials in the schools, said "of course they would become members of the Red Cross, because they knew about the Red Cross organization from their children, who had been working in the school."

The Catholic Orphan Asylums in Troy and Albany, with the Albany Orphan Asylum, picked, on a two days' outing, a crop of currants amounting to three thousand quarts. This crop was given to the Red Cross, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clapp, of Kinderhook, N. Y., on the condition that they convert it into jelly for the hospitals. There were no adult pickers to be hired. All were busy on their own crops, and the only schools which were in session during the fruit ripening time were the orphan asylums. Two glorious days were enjoyed by this group of over two hundred children who were taken down in large motor trucks to the farm near Hudson, New York. So happy were the children at their work that when the end of the day came, they begged to stay all night, so as to finish up the job the next day. These currants were shipped down to Yonkers, where, in the Saunders Trade School, a group of school girls and their mothers came for a week to make jelly out of the fruit. The boys in this same Saunders Trade School will put in their hammer strokes when it comes time to pack these thousands of glasses of jelly to be sent to our hospitals in France. In this fine Trade School in Yonkers, the girls also made 500 dresses out of remnants and garments sent in to be made over for the refugee children, who have been deprived of their homes and all the kindness and care which that means. No more eager workers can be pictured than these children working for the homeless children abroad.

In one school where knitted mufflers, jackets, helmets, and wristlets were being made among the girls, the boys sent a committee to the teacher to ask for knitting needles, so that they might also work on these knitted garments. The boys learned as readily how to use the needles as did the girls and made equally good articles. In one school in New York City, too, the boys after school hours, made quantities of knitting needles, a fine piece of workmanship, and a very helpful contribution.

We can scarcely imagine what will be the results in production alone of this organization among the school children of America, but the product is the least important result. What does the work itself signify? In the first place, training in working for others, not for one's self alone. Second, in working together as school children of the United States, they will feel that they are a part of a great country and are fulfilling their obligations as young citizens. They will want to know what this war is about, why the best young men in the country are selected and offer their lives in a conflict for that for which their country stands—service by each for all, not the domination of the many by a chosen few. These school children working for the Red Cross will be eager for the daily bulletins of occurrences. They will want to know all about

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what is going on. Their teachers will inform themselves so as to answer their pupils' questions intelligently. This Red Cross work by the school children of the country will mean training in aiding others, coöperative service in a great cause, an opportunity to fulfill one's obligations to his nation, and a wide awake interest in the progress of world events.

When the time comes to make up Christmas packages to be sent to the soldiers, loving thoughts of each child will go into each package in the form of some gift made in the school, perhaps enclosing some statement with the child's name and the name of the school. This will be a bit of cheer for the soldier who has given up everything to take care of his country, The amount and kind of thought induced by this type of work is unending in its beneficial results. It will arouse the best in each child to an expression in some tangible form. The children will be working for a cause so great that they can not understand it until many years thereafter, but the ideals animating the struggle will spur them on, even though they may not appreciate the meaning. In this large and extensive coöperation in the service of others there will be an inspiration to the children which cannot be described in words. Those who have seen classes at work for some fine purpose beyond themselves will know the possibilities of this Red Cross work in its effect on the school children of America.

The proved value of this work obtained in vocational classes in the State of New York has convinced the Red Cross officials of the benefits of establishing a Junior membership. Therefore they have afforded every encouragement and authorization to the new movement in the schools of the country. The work thus begun in the schools of New York State and now inaugurated under a director of the Junior Department in the Atlantic Division of the Red Cross is being rapidly extended throughout the country, and it is hoped that within a short time the beneficial results will be felt by our men serving their country abroad.

ANECDOTES THAT COUNT

BARBARA'S GIFT

PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, as President of the American Red Cross, recently received the following letter from Los Angeles, California:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I am a little girl eight years old. I have been saving money for a pony, and I have twenty-three dollars. I want to give it to the Red Cross. My mama said I could send it to you because you would know what to do with it. I am only visiting here and my money is in the bank in New Jersey, so my papa who is there will send it to you. I think you are a very nice President. With love,

BARBARA SPENCER.

The Red Cross has received many gifts, but perhaps none represents a larger act of giving or is accompanied by more sincere loyalty to the cause which the Red Cross represents than this whole-hearted donation from little Barbara. She received a letter over the President's signature acknowledging her gift.

K. C. B.'s APPEAL

"K. C. B." known to the world at large through his famous column "Ye Towne Gossip," appearing in the daily papers, dropped into the Seattle office of the War Fund Campaign of the Red Cross, and was held up immediately by the Manager of the Advertising Campaign, who informed him that he would not be allowed to leave until he had contributed a story. Accordingly "K. C. B." sat down and wrote the following:

To the Mothers and Fathers of Seattle:

In a little while your boy may be "Somewhere in France." You won't know where. You'll only know that somewhere on the firing line, side by side with your neighbor's boy, he will be fighting on toward the goal that must be reached before the war is done. And here at home you'll wait and pray that he'll come back, and God grant that he may. And God grant, too, that he'll come back just as he went away, with shoulders back and head erect, and in his eyes the light that comes into the eyes of those in whom there is no fear that future days or months or years may point to them and say: "*He heard and answered not.*"

And while he's gone, unless you're brave beyond the strength of human kind, you'll dream of him, and wake, and in those hours of the day—the darkest—just as morning breaks,

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you'll take the hand that soothed his brow in babyhood and hold it tight and wonder how it goes with him and where he is when morning breaks on that same day "*Somewhere in France.*"

And then, if you have "*done your bit*" back home, while he is over there, if you have sent across the seas a Red Cross nurse and what she needs, a surgeon to hold back the life that looks down where the valley lies and shadows lurk, there'll come that light into your eyes and you will know no one can point to you and say: "*He heard and answered not.*"

THE GRAVE OF JAMES McCONNELL, AVIATOR

An American serving in the American Ambulance in France writes:

"On my way back to the post here from a hospital the other day in a pouring rain we passed a grave on the roadside with three American flags on it. We stopped the car, went back, and whose grave should it be but James McConnell's of the Lafayette Squadron, killed last March. It was on a lonely country lane that we had taken for a short cut and it certainly was a forlorn sight. It was piled up with broken parts of his machine; the propeller was in kindling wood with many bullet holes through it, and the rapid fire gun was all bent and twisted."

THE HEN THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG

The hen that laid the golden egg has been located in Middletown, Ohio. A lady, whose sacrifice for the American Red Cross it is said can not be measured by the market value of her gift, during Red Cross Week gave one of her highly prized hens and a dozen eggs to the society. The spirit of the gift was such that it was auctioned off for $2,002. The eggs brought $144.66 each, a total of $1,736, probably the highest price ever paid for eggs. The hen herself brought $266.

Later a wire was received at the Red Cross headquarters in Washington which read, "The purchasers would like to send the eggs and hen to you to be auctioned at either Washington, or New York, or by wire throughout the United States, as you may think best. The hen that laid them can do it again and she and the eggs should be worth a hundred thousand dollars to the Red Cross cause."

A LOFTY CONTRIBUTION BOX

What is said to be the highest Red Cross Contribution Box in California is on the top of Mt. Elwell, 7,866 feet high, in the Plumas National Forest.

The box which is fastened to a stake on the summit bears this label, "Remember the sons—a good deed is not in vain." The box was placed and is watched over by a Forest Service lookout man stationed on the mountain, and into the box fall many contributions by visitors from the resorts who climb the mountain to see how the Government watches over the forest and prevents forest fires. A visitors' register kept in the lookout station shows that the visitors to the peak and contributors to the box, who are often as many as twenty-five in one day, come from many parts of the United States.

THE ANTOINETTE BED

Antoinette is a little waif scarcely ten years old who, along with other brothers and sisters, lives in one of those dark and dingy three-roomed tenements which one can find in any of New York City's congested foreign districts. She is the little girl who never expects Christmas because, for the past three years she had received a letter—from her parents—saying that Santa Claus is dead. Yet, the name of this little unknown, uncared for daughter of poverty is to be given to one of the endowed cots, which generous hearts are placing in the hospitals on the firing-line.

It was Red Cross Day at the summer vacation school in the Second Avenue Baptist Church. This school is but one of the many which the New York City Baptist Mission Society maintains each summer in churches located in crowded neighborhoods, that the children of the poor may be kept off of the noisy and dirty streets during the hot vacation days, that their hands and minds may be kept busy at song, at play, at work, and that they may receive the much needed moral and religious training of a Bible Story. It was Red Cross Day, I was explaining to a group, for I was trying to create an atmosphere in which the children, who had heretofore made useful things for themselves, might readily take to sewing and "snipping" and working for the Red Cross—so great is the need. The Allied flags hung about the assembly room; a Red Cross emblem had been placed

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in a prominent position; the songs were all patriotic; and the story of the morning was built round the idea of sacrifice—I called it the law of "giving up" for others. I alluded to the days of '76 and to General Washington's army —our Revolutionary forefathers—who endured the hardships of a Valley Forge that they might buy for us the freedom we have enjoyed; and next I spoke of that later sacrifice of homes, and loved ones, and even life, that our country's unity might be preserved and that the flag we love so well might still wave over North and South. Then the needs of to-day's frightful situation came swiftly into place—"We are fighting for the freedom of the world. The price is greater than ever. The suffering! The bloodshed! The anguish! Think of the sacrifice of mother-love, of the Divine sacrifice—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' We must sacrifice too! We must give up until it hurts! Even a child can help!"

It was Antoinette who caught the spirit first; it was her idealism that was first stirred —her imagination that was first kindled into action. Quickly this ragged little waif popped from her seat and with determined step she approached the platform. I had not intended asking for money. (For what have these children to give—these dependents of charity?) But into my hand Antoinette dropped a penny—her world. "It's for the soldiers," she said, "I was going to buy candy."

Then came other children in a procession, boys and girls, each with a penny, until in my hand I held thirty-two pennies—thirty-two sacrifices that "hurt right here," as one little lad exclaimed rubbing his stomach. "No more gum for me 'til der war is over," said one. "Gee! I don't want no more Lolly Pops. I'm a'goin' ter help der Red Cross," came from another. That day, and ever since, the girls have sewed and "snipped" with a will—their own work, things they were to make for themselves, quite forgotten.

The next day the children had been promised an outing in the park and most every child came with a penny to spend—some had two; but voluntarily they gave them up "for the soldiers," they said. As they passed other children in the park later in the day, who were licking an ice cream cone or sucking on a stick of candy, there were no longings, no regrets "I'd rather help der Red Cross."

They had now given $2.11, so a bank was procured. Also a large sign was designed—The Red Cross Thermometer—and from then on the children with delight gave all they had that they might see the red chalk line grow higher in the mercury tube.

The goal was $16.00, the cost of endowing one of the Red Cross cots on the firing-line, and the children decided that the bed should be named "Antoinette." Several charitable ladies asked to help the fund, but these boys and girls wanted to do it all themselves. Even the little kindergarten children filed into the big room to drop their pennies into the Red Cross bank. The spirit of the school was inspiring; the rivalry between the boys and girls amazing.

At the closing exercises of the school, a Red Cross nurse was to come and take the bank away; the "Antoinette" bed was to be endowed and these poor children shall wait to learn of and perhaps hear from the wounded soldiers who shall be nursed in the bed which their sacrifice has provided. Think of it! Children who have nothing, not even proper food nor clothing nor shelter. But they caught the spirit of the Red Cross. They knew how to sacrifice, to give up all until it hurts!

HALF THEIR INCOME TO THE RED CROSS

The school children of San Francisco, in accordance with a definite plan, were generously contributing five cents apiece each month to the Red Cross. The little tots seemed not only willing but eager to make this sacrifice for so good a cause. But the children of the Protestant Orphan Home in the city were unhappy. Now the orphans in this home receive a monthly allowance of only ten cents. Naturally it was felt that it would hardly be fair to ask these tots to give up five cents—half their income—to the Red Cross. However, the children did not like such a stand and one of their number, acting as spokesman, approached the matron and told her that the orphans felt they had been slighted and that their feelings were hurt at being left out of the general scheme, and, consequently, they had deputed him to approach the matron and ask her if they might not give five cents a month to the Red Cross as well as the other children? Anyway, here was the first month's contribution—and he poured a stream of nickels upon her desk!

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ACROSS SIBERIA TO PETROGRAD

The Diary of a Member of the Red Cross Commission to Russia, on the ex-Czar's Imperial Train from Vladivostok to Petrograd

En Route by the Trans-Siberian,
Vladivostok to Petrograd.

First Day:

Our commission reached Vladivostok about 8:30 this morning after a quite delightful voyage of two nights and a day up the Japanese Sea on the small steamer *Penza*.

On going ashore we were greeted by a Commission of about fifteen local officials. We find that we are to travel to Petrograd by the famous Imperial Train which was used exclusively by the former Emperor Nicholas and historical now as the place where he signed his abdication.

Vladivostok was interesting chiefly as our first view of Russia. A busy city of 100,000 people on a fine harbor. A typical western frontier town. There are many Chinese. Perhaps the most striking thing to us is the large number of soldiers. Nearly every man on the street, judging by their uniforms, seems to be in Government service.

At 9:30 we left Vladivostok on the last stretch of our long journey which we expect to take twelve or thirteen days. Until we reach Harbin, day after to-morrow, we will have our meals at the stations. There we will stock our commissary and our cuisine on board will serve our meals for us.

During the night we leave Siberia and go into the Chinese Province of Manchuria.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad is famous as being the longest in the world, 5,413 miles, and also particularly important during the war as being Russia's only uninterrupted means of communication with the outside world. As the gauge of the Russian railroads is wider than ours, their cars are also wider and more spacious. The berths are all placed across the car instead of lengthwise as with us and there is still room for a side aisle.

The luxuriousness of this train is more lavish than anything any of us has seen at home, and it will make all the difference in the world in the comfort and enjoyment of our transcontinental journey.

Third Day:

We came into Harbin (pronounced Harbeen) at 6 in the morning and stayed there about ten hours; stayed there as far as we could see, for no reason at all, although partly to stock up with provisions for our table, an extra car being attached there. Evidently enough to last us to Petrograd. Our special proceeds most leisurely, running apparently on no very definite schedule and usually going not very fast when we do run. Up grades at fifteen miles an hour and occasionally on the level up to thirty miles an hour. Two engines always pull the trains, mostly on account of the frequent grades. They are good sized and fairly powerful, but the light weight of the rails prevents much speed. They burn wood entirely, which is piled high in the tender. To illustrate our leisurely progress we stopped yesterday at least an hour at stations for each of our meals, and now, forty-eight hours out of Vladivostok, have stood still at least seventeen hours of that time and covered about 650 miles. However, now that our diner is in commission we shall probably move a little faster. The meals at the stations yesterday were quite acceptable in quality and most bounteous. There seems to be a great plenty of food in this part of the country, due partly to the impossibility of sending much of what comes from these parts away, and partly to the sparse population to consume it.

Our first meal aboard was delicious, well cooked, and well served. It should be, for the cuisine department comprises fifteen men and four cars. The dining room has a long table running through the centre which seats twenty-six. Besides this there is a large lounging room, beautifully furnished. It was in this room the Czar Nicholas signed his abdication while the Committee of the Duma waited to receive it in the dining room adjoining. We travel thus in an historical atmosphere. Besides the dining car one car is devoted to the kitchen and serving—a large wood range is used for cooking. Another two cars are used for storage

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and refrigerating purposes, luggage and sleeping quarters for the crew. Another, a freight car, carries provisions.

The entire force of the train consists of some thirty-five men, more than one for each passenger. Our quarters, besides the dining car with its large smoking room, consist of three large compartment cars. All are beautifully fitted with comparatively spacious rooms and comfortable berths, and no upper berths provided, though some of the compartments have two lowers.

Harbin is situated on a muddy river in the midst of a vast, lonely, prairie country. It seems fertile, however, and there are many farms close to the railroad. A good deal of wheat is grown, much of which is milled at the city. Harbin is an indescribably dusty, dirty city with 150,000 people, a conglomerate of Russian and Chinese, typically western and frontier. It was the Russian base during the Japanese War and the terminus of the railroad running to Port Arthur, which the Japanese now own.

No superlative can exaggerate the dirt of Harbin. It takes the palm for that. Our first drosky, funny little open carriages like a diminutive Victoria, conveyed us slowly over the cobbled streets, driven by Manchurian Chinese and drawn by two scraggy, unkempt horses. The Manchurian population was perhaps the most interesting sight to us. A drive around the town, breakfast and dinner, and much waiting to start consumed the day, and we were on our way again.

Fourth Day:

We came over the mountains last night, and have been crossing a great Manchurian plain—this time at a higher altitude than yesterday—2,500 feet. Much like North Dakota, with slightly more roll and hills. It looks fertile and is green with grass and many wild flowers. A great country for grazing. We saw quite a number of herds of cattle and sheep, and a few farms. Few villages—most of those thus far, except the cities of Harbin and Manchuria, exist for the operation of the railroad. Harbin is located about the middle of Manchuria and these great plains east and west of it seem almost as boundless as the sea.

To-day we are just north a little of the great Manchurian desert, to traverse which that ancient stand-by, the camel, is still used. We saw two large caravans in motion this afternoon. They come mostly from Mongolia in China, and the caravans are owned by Mongolians. Later we saw another large caravan of camels, 300 in number, just in from the desert, in camp just outside the town. Also a band of Chinese outlaws, looking much like our Western cowboys. These we hear were part of a large force which exists here in Manchuria, owing allegiance to some general, many of them formerly Chinese soldiers, much after the manner of the so-called armies of Mexico. Our moving picture men got some pictures of these picturesque robbers. All through Manchuria we have seen many Chinese at such towns as we have stopped at. Not much more than the mere right of way of the railroad through Manchuria—a couple of 100 yards wide—is owned by the Russian Government.

Shortly after leaving a station our train was stopped by the body of a man lying on the track ahead. It turned out to be a Russian who had been murdered by having his throat cut, and afterward evidently laid on the track and run over by the train preceding ours. A strange thing to find on this lonely prairie.

About six this evening after nearly three days' journey we came to the border of Manchuria and entered Siberia again. The town of Manchuria is located here. A rather attractive prairie community of a few thousand people set down in the midst of this vast plain. The chief impression one gets of it is that there is plenty of room and enough to spare.

Fifth Day:

A red letter day. Why? Because of a beautiful bath. The train stopped about noon along a mountain stream for the very reason of giving us a swim—the advantage of a special and a slow one. We went into the water like a lot of boys and spared neither the river nor the soap, emerging clean, cool, and comfortable. The trip so far has been reasonably cool and not over dusty, but four days on any train in summer makes a bath appreciated.

We climbed mountains last night, leaving the great steppes of Manchuria which we have been two days crossing, and woke this morning in a wide valley surrounded by hills. Our altitude to-day has been from 2,000 up to 4,000 feet. A beautiful bright day with lots of snap in the air. The summer weather of Siberia is delightful. A prosperous looking country, with many farms and cattle and villages, comfortable, and prosperous looking.

These days in the train are surprisingly short

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and interesting, and during each the terrain has been different and varied. All the country hereabout is green and none of it so far has been parched or barren looking. The mountains are rounded rather than rugged. It seems a country that could be vastly productive, given men and transportation. Over another divide late this afternoon on to a great plateau. Three engines were needed to pull us up the mountains. These engines use coal, the product of a mine we passed to-day. It must take an army of men to maintain this line. It is beautifully kept, the roadway is usually as smooth and clean as a boulevard, and often the right of way also. The rolling stock is also well kept up. What the Trans-Siberian lacks is principally engines, and then cars and shops and skilled men to keep them in repair. Also more efficient operating methods to keep the equipment moving faster.

While we were at dinner to-night there came down suddenly from the mountains a magnificent storm—first wind and then rain. It was somewhat exciting for a time; the wind blew a hurricane and though the train stopped, the cars rocked so that it seemed as though they would turn over. Perhaps a dozen big trees fell while our train waited. In ten minutes it was over, but as we went on we discovered that fortunately we had been on the edge of the storm only, as further along hundreds of big trees had been blown over.

Sixth Day:

From early morning until late this afternoon our way has skirted the famous Lake Baikal, which proved one of the most serious obstacles in the building of the Trans-Siberian. For many years the trains were ferried across in summer and tracks laid on the ice in winter. The road now follows the shore, for a long ways cut in and out through solid rock. Forty-four tunnels are needed to get through the rocky cliffs.

About five we reached Irkutsk, a beautiful city by a river, capital of the province of the same name, one of the largest in Siberia. Here we had a warm greeting from a man who proved to be President of the Workmen's & Soldiers' Council of the District. There were hundreds of soldiers at the station and finally quite a demonstration in our honor developed. The President of the Council mounted the train platform and gave us an address of welcome. He was a fine talker and cheers for us followed. Col. Billings responded—more cheers. Another Russian spoke—more cheers. Major Robbins responded. When we finally pulled out with mutual hurrahs and waving of hats we had received the warmest welcome since reaching these domains and the more acceptable because entirely impromptu. These District Councils are at present the real rulers of Russia. The President in Irkutsk is a young man of magnetic personality and his enthusiasm for us and what we represent was refreshing. As we went aboard he embraced and kissed several of us on the cheek—a not uncommon salute between men in Russia, but rather startling to us and one that caused much joking later.

Eighth Day:

It is a little after 10 o'clock in the evening with us and nearly as light as day, the sun barely having set. We have very late twilight for three reasons: We are getting farther North, are traveling with the sun, and in Russia they save daylight by setting the clock back an hour.

During the day our diversions are reading, writing, talking, and sleeping. We have quite a library of books on Russia, which we brought with us. During each day we make some fairly long stops at several stations, at most half an hour and sometimes longer, and so have opportunities for a little exercise. Riding on the engine is another amusement which some of us indulge in every day. The Russian locomotives are built with a two-foot wide platform in front and six to eight feet above the ground. The ride there is quite thrilling, not dusty and a fine place to view the landscape.

In the evening there are usually two or three games of cards, bridge or some other game.

We have been running all day through a magnificent farming country, the finest and most fertile we have yet seen, but very little developed. Its possibilities are untold.

Ninth Day:

About half past eight this evening we came to the outskirts of Omsk, one of the main cities of Siberia and a military centre. Thousands of soldiers were there, the most we have seen, and we saw one real touch of war. While we were there a troop train, loaded with soldiers starting for the front, drove up alongside of ours. Many of their women were there to bid the soldiers farewell, a band played the Marseillaise, which

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the Russian seems to have adopted, and there was generally a good deal of noise and excitement. As we drew out we exchanged cheers and greetings. They gave us a rousing send-off —our train going out first.

Late this evening we were fortunate enough to see a most unusual and beautiful thing—a night rainbow made by the moon. The rainbow stretched from one horizon to the other and was as plain as any I have ever seen—a very remarkable effect against the black sky.

Eleventh Day:

Our first day in Russia has been a glorious summer day, a beautiful land of woods and fields of grain. Much of this is ripe and has been harvested. Barley, wheat, and oats standing shocked in the fields. Though it was Sunday, which is well observed in Russia, on some farms we saw the harvesters at work cutting the grain, rows of peasants, many of them women, and each with a knife mowing and binding the yellow stalks. The country to-day looks so rich and well-tilled and peaceful it is hard to imagine this great country in the midst of war and internal strife. The great numbers of soldiers at every station, though, is a constant reminder.

The difference between old Russia and Siberia is quite marked by the more extensive cultivation of the land, the many farms and estates and the more frequent villages. This country looks as though it had been lived in and appears more finished. We are beginning also to see large estates, some with fine houses and grounds. The tragedy of all this beautiful food supply we are seeing is the difficulty of transportation to get it to the centres where it is so much needed.

We have seen some prisoners of war to-day, mostly Austrians, one bunch of 150 that had just arrived at the station where we saw them. They looked well fed and fit and seemed contented enough. More and more as we come West we have seen women doing men's work, especially along the railroad, usually working with the men in what we call section work, namely the maintenance of the line. This labor by women though is not a condition, I imagine, peculiar to war times. Many of them also work in the fields.

One of our Russian interpreters, George Polletc by name, is a great booster for the Mission. When opportunity offers he tells the soldiers at the stations who we are and why we are coming to Russia. Starting with a handful of listeners his audience sometimes grows to two or three hundred soldiers, when George will climb to the steps of the train and make them an eloquent speech. He always ends by calling for cheers for the Americans which are enthusiastically given with waving of hats. George then gets Col. Billings to address the crowd, which the Colonel usually does. George interprets, and then more cheers and waving of hats, we responding in like from the windows of our train.

Thirteenth and Last Day:

We arrived at Petrograd last night, and were met at the railroad station by Mr. Francis, the United States Ambassador and five or six other Americans.

The heads of the Mission called on Kerensky and were cordially received by him with offers of coöperation. Petrograd is a great big overgrown looking town, somewhat behind the times apparently. The Churches are impressive and the drosky drivers the most picturesque and typical figures I have noticed. The streets swarm with soldiers.

It is important that everything possible be done to encourage the Russian people and soldiers and the Red Cross activities are one means to do this. One cannot travel through Siberia and Russia or consider the possibilities of this country and its future without realizing especially now that autocratic government is a thing of the past, that Russia is to become a great factor in affairs of the world and a country that America must play with both politically and commercially. Therefore, the more Americans know about Russia and the more Russians know about us the better.

The common people of this country believe, now that monarchy is overthrown, that the capitalists are their worst enemies; a fear that is ably used by the pro-Germans. They are suspicious of foreigners coming here for profit and that is another reason that the Red Cross activities which are not mercenary should have a good effect.

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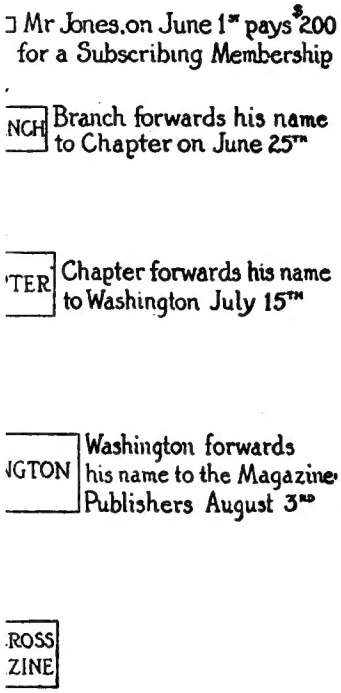
/ORD TO THE CHAPTERS AND BRANCHES

IEW SYSTEMS OF FORWARDING UBSCRIPTIONS

e most aggravating difficulties : chapters have had to contend ıs been the delay in the de- ıes to subscribers. The cause ; been inherent in the system e subscriptions—a system by hers were the last to receive they had stopped, and often ; the way at branch head- r headquarters, and Wash- ters. The practical working d its weakness is shown in the ı.


Mr Jones on June 1st pays $2.00 for a Subscribing Membership
NCH Branch forwards his name to Chapter on June 25th
TER Chapter forwards his name to Washington July 15th
NGTON Washington forwards his name to the Magazine Publishers August 3rd
ROSS ZINE

ıis issue reaches the chapters, ı will have been discontinued l branch secretaries will be s of subscribers (*not* the re- ly to the publishers. Under delays should be reduced to if chapters and branches will forward the names of subscribers promptly, there is no reason why subscribers should suffer any delay whatever.

NO REMITTANCES TO THE MAGAZINE

Please note that *in no case should remittances for subscriptions* be sent to the magazine offices. They should be sent to your Division Manager in accordance with the instructions in your Manual of Accounting, September 8, 1917 form A600, Sheet #1.

CHANGES IN ADDRESS

should be sent to THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, Garden City, New York. Please allow six weeks for the change to become effective as each issue of the magazine is published on the 5th of the preceding month.

QUESTIONS WE ARE ASKED DAILY

1. "Many of our members subscribed last July: They received their first issue of the Magazine in October. Will their subscriptions upon your records expire next June or next September?"

Next September. All subscribers will receive twelve issues beginning with the one current when the names reached the magazine office.

2. "May I send one dollar direct for a subscription to the Magazine?"

No. The subscription price of the Magazine is two dollars a year. Hand this amount to the Secretary or Treasurer of your local branch or chapter, and request that your name be forwarded promptly as a subscribing member. Your two dollars will include a year's subscription to the Magazine and a year's membership in the American Red Cross. But the subscription cannot be separated from the membership.

3. "I became an annual member several weeks ago. By paying another dollar now, may I become a subscribing member and receive the Magazine?"

Yes, any time within three months after the first dollar was paid. Hand the additional dollar to your branch or chapter treasurer, asking that your name be forwarded to us promptly as a subscribing member. You will receive twelve issues beginning with the one current when your name reaches the magazine office.

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